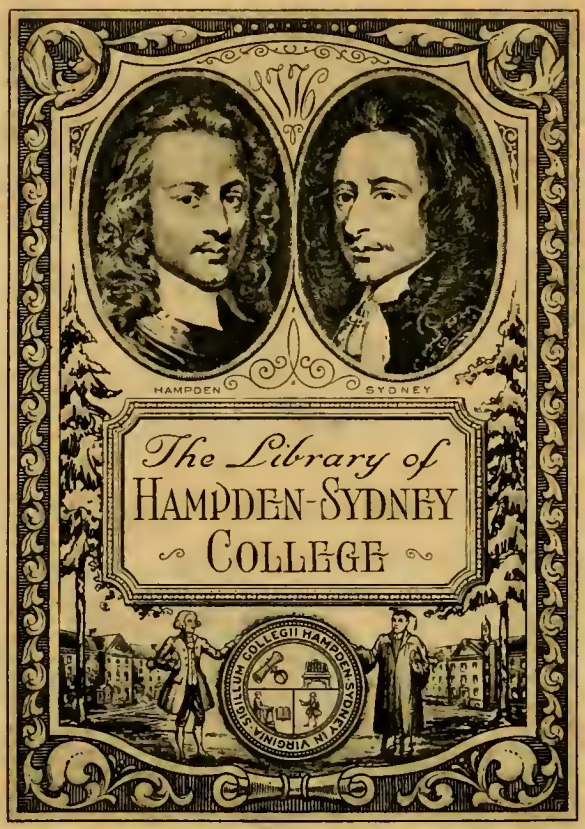
KALEIDOSCOPE

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VOLUME TEN



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Kaleidoscope

Published by the Students of Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia

1902

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This Volume of the Kaleidoscope
is respectfully and reverently dedicated to
Ten Years of Progress and Success; to the
Editors of Former Editions; and
to an Everlasting Life and a
Glorious Future.

21532

Greeting

Once more with a blush we make our bow
In the modest way we are wont to do
In the hope that for once we may please you, now,
With what we shall place before your view.
We make no claims to a classic grace;
We are not of those who do not err,
A kindly heart and a pleasant face
And a fair ' bon jour ' shall meet you here.
"Good day, sweet friends" we greet you clear
And beg that not "with a critic's eye "
You may look for the flaw you know is here,
But "will pass our imperfections by."
If we glow with the glow that youth will glow
Or run to the edge of the far extreme,
Recall yourselves in the long ago
When your steps were lighter than now they seem.
And you'll know of a truth the days pass by
And there's nothing new beneath the sun,
And the things we do or think we do
Are the things our forebears long have done.
So if we err, here's health to you,
You erred yourselves in the by-gone days.
We've done our best as best we knew
And rest in the hope of a well-earned praise.

—The Editors.


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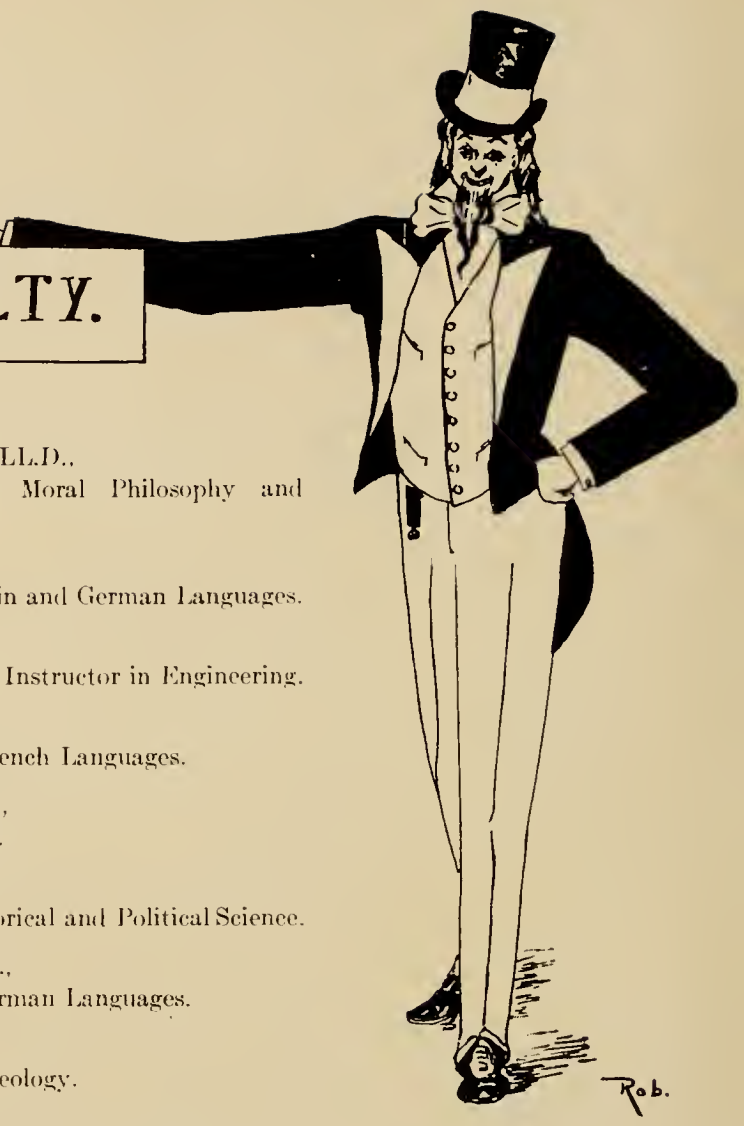
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Biographical

Dr. James Jones

DOCTOR JONES was born December 11th, 1772, in that portion of Amelia County, Virginia, then known as Nottoway Parish, now Nottoway County. The ancestral home, long since gone to decay, was "The Poplars," near by and north of the present county seat.

The family emigrated from Wales in the first half of the last century, and settled in Southside, Virginia. The family tradition is that the immigrants consisted of three brothers — Peter, Richard and William Jones. The first, Major Peter Jones, became known in colonial history as the friend and fellow-traveler of Colonel Byrd, of Westover. He was the founder of Petersburg; and from him the town, then only an Indian trading post, took its first name, "Peter's Point." The other two brothers settled in Nottoway, (then Amelia) and became the progenitors of numerous and highly respectable descendants.

Doctor Jones' father was Major Richard, son of Colonel Richard Jones, the emigrant; and his mother was a Miss Robertson, of the well-known family of that name who resided at "Goose Island" in Amelia. At the time of his birth his household was one of wealth and culture and high social position.

After attending such schools as the community afforded in that day, he entered Hampden-Sidney College in 1788 and was graduated in 1791. Several members of his class won distinction in after life. Among them were William M. Watkins, of Charlotte, a lawyer of much reputation in his section of the state; Moses Waddell, the pioneer of education in Georgia, founder of Franklin College and preceptor of Calhoun; and George M. Bibb, of Prince Edward, the colleague of Clay in the Senate, Governor, and High Chancellor of Kentucky.

From Hampden-Sidney young Jones became an inmate of the house of the Reverend Devereux Jarratt, a pious and scholarly clergyman of the Episcopal Church in the county of Dinwiddie, where he prosecuted his studies along general lines; but after a few months he abandoned this retreat and matriculated as a medical student at the University of Pennsylvania, then headed by the celebrated Benjamin Rush. He was graduated there in 1793 or 1794, and repaired to the University of Edinburgh, at that time the most famous medical school in Europe. There he was graduated in 1796, and returned to Virginia. The following year he settled on Deep Creek, in Nottoway, at "Mountain Hall," where he built and adorned an old Virginia home, destined to be known over half a century for its elegant culture and generous hospitality.

Soon thereafter he married Miss Catherine Harris, a lady of education and high personal and social character.

To the duties of a physician he added those of a planter, and lived the life of a country gentleman, surrounded by all the comforts that broad acres, numerous servants, and troops of friends could supply. But in those days, as in later, politics was the peculiar malady of Virginians; and in 1804 Doctor Jones consented to represent his county in the General Assembly — a position he filled at various intervals until 1829. While a member of the Assembly he was elected by that body a member of the Privy Council, and served in that capacity, under the elder Governor Tyler, from 1809 to 1811. The Council was a relic of colonial times, and had been handed down as a sort of executive cabinet, under the first constitution. Its political and personal character was of considerable consequence at that date.

A vacancy in Congress occurred in the Nottoway District in 1818, by the death of Colonel Peterson Goodwyn, of Dinwiddie. Doctor Jones contested for the seat but was defeated in the poll by General John Pegram, of Dinwiddie. The following year he again stood for election against General Pegram, and was successful. The issue in the election was perhaps rather one of men than measures, and he was re-elected in 1821 without opposition. As a member of Congress Doctor Jones stood regularly by the measures of his party—the Republican—, and voted for the Missouri Compromise against the protests of John Randolph and William S. Archer.

In 1825, by a new apportionment of the state, Nottoway was thrown into the Amelia district—then and long after represented by William S. Archer,— and Doctor Jones was not again a candidate for Congress. In 1824, he was identified with the Crawford wing of the Democratic, or Republican, party, and was a presidential elector upon that ticket,— a position he held for his party through five consecutive national elections, ending his public career as Van Buren elector in 1840.

Doctor Jones was an industrious student — a man of taste and learning. His temper was conservative and his judgment greatly respected by contemporaries. He took no part in Congressional debate. Yet in this respect custom has much changed since that day, for then many of the wisest and ablest of statesmen did not participate in public discussion. The late Doctor William S. White has left on record the opinion that Doctor Jones' "modesty and diffidence alone" kept him from becoming a distinguished debater in our national councils.

His manners were those of an accomplished gentleman, bred in the best schools of two continents, polished, yet dignified almost to the point of austerity. His portrait in the state library, from the hand of H. Memin, exhibits the regulation dress of that day, with a face of intelligence, benevolence, and dignity.

In early life, like so many of the cultured men in that time of Virginia, he was imbued with the free thought and infidel theology of the French revolution. At Paineville, now a decayed hamlet in the county of Amelia, an infidel club was organized, under the eaves of Chinquepin, an old colonial church. It was named for Tom Paine, and so the village after it. Doctor Jones became a prominent member of this club; and tradition has it that William B. Giles, subsequently Senator and Governor, was a leading spirit. But upon the death of an only surviving child and daughter the Doctor was led to make a profession of religion, and some years thereafter became practically the founder of the Presbyterian church in Nottoway County. It was at Mountain Hall that Doctors William S. White and Theoderick Pryor found a home during their early ministry in that cause, and it was his liberality, in large measure, which supplied the financial means of support.

He was one of the first to advocate the cause of temperance in that section, and a public address by him at Cellar Creek, in Nottoway, was among the first delivered in that region upon that subject.

Doctor Jones belonged to that school of public men who considered slavery an evil, to be gotten rid of at some future day, and was, of course, on principle, an emancipationist. He was identified with several of the leading colonization societies and looked to deportaton of the negro as the possible solution of the great problem which still confronts the country. His will provides for the manumission and deportation to Liberia of such of his own slaves as should choose their freedom.

He left no descendants, and died at Mountain Hall April 25th, 1848. His widow survived him a dozen years.

He was the product and a type of a civilation that was overthrown at Appomattox, and cannot reappear in history. Among those of his day and people, few were wiser, and none more just.

WALTER A. WATSON.

Memories

In the evening by the fireside
When our daily tasks are done
And from chamber walls steal slowly
Day streaks fading one by one.

Then we sit in silence musing
While we watch the embers glow,
And past days in memory pictures
Quickly come and quickly go.

Scenes of joy, scenes of sorrow,
Many an old familiar friend,
Errors made in youth and manhood,
All in one another blend.

Embers falling soon to ashes
Oft remind of loved ones gone,
Lives that brightened but to perish
Leaving us to wander on;

But we love to sit, and musing
Watch the embers ruddy glow,
Living till the lamps are lighted
In the days of long ago.

Rev. Moses Waddel, D.D.

BY MR. H. C. BROCK.

THERE are three facts in the history of the Rev. Dr. Moses Waddel, associating him directly with Hampden-Sidney College and Prince Edward County: his Scotch-Irish ancestors, the capstone given at this institution to his academic and theological training, and his second marriage, the lady being Miss Eliza Woodson Pleasants, whom he first met during his residence on "The Hill."

The biographical sketch which is the basis of this memorial was prepared by his youngest son and serves as an introduction to the latter's own more detailed autobiography. The volume contains also brief accounts of an elder son and a grandson who, like the grandsire and the author, devoted themselves to teaching. It is therefore quite appropriately entitled "Memorials of Academic Life Through Three Generations."

Moses Waddel stands so early in the long list of educators sent out by this college, that his birth occurred four years prior to its own start in life, an order of things in the relative ages of alumnus and foster-mother to be expected at that crude stage of our country's history, yet, for other reasons, common enough today, when many American colleges and some American Universities are but the creatures of yesterday.

Hampden-Sidney's first president, the Reverend Samuel Stanhope Smith, was elected in 1775, and Doctor Waddel was born in 1770. Natives of the north of Ireland, his parents emigrated to America in 1767. Georgia seems to have been the state in which they originally designed to make their home; but adverse weather drove the vessel to Charleston, and alluring accounts from North Carolina finally determined their choice. There, on the South Yadkin River, in a newly settled, sparsely peopled region, on a tract of land fertile and purchased on favorable terms but stocked by the outlay of their little capital of fifty guineas, the worthy couple began life anew. Amid these circumstances Moses Waddel was born.

Six years later, the memorable year of the declaration of American independence, he was entered as a pupil in a neighboring school taught by a Mr. McKown, and two years afterwards in a seminary called Clio's Nursery, which had just opened, and was conducted by another master of Scottish name, a Mr. James McEwen. But, promising as the lad had shown himself, it required frequent appeals of friends, among them the local minister, the Reverend Doctor Hall, to win the father's consent to this step, so rigorous were the times and so uncertain the future, for Clio's Nursery was established among war's alarms, and after the surrender of Charleston to Sir Henry Clinton the British made so many incursions in the neighborhood that the exercises of this school were for a while suspended. Yet the boy progressed rapidly

in his studies, and when he left the seminary in 1784 at the age of fourteen, he was so well equipped in the classic languages, mathematics, rhetoric, and philosophy, that there was prompt demand for the young scholar's services. He was first engaged to teach a school in Iredell, a county adjoining his own, and later at other places, among them Greene County, Georgia. Soon after this the early desire of his parents was fulfilled by their own removal to this state. Greene County was selected, although it was on the frontier and had recently been disturbed by the Indians, who had crossed the Oconee from the west and burned the county seat.

When in his eighteenth year, while teaching another school not far from his father's new abode, young Waddel had one of those religious experiences so characteristic of that age and so rarely occurring now. Bunyan's story is once more told in the remorse and despair, followed, after a season, by pardon, peace, and reconciliation with heaven. Like the great allegorist, whose bell-ringing seems to have constituted the special offence that led him to style himself the chief of sinners, young Waddel found in dancing the allurement that threatened him with perdition. This spiritual conflict and his final triumph led him in due course to embrace the Preacher's sacred calling, and it was with this high mission before him that, by the advice of the Reverend John Springer, of Abbernath district, South Carolina, he began to prepare himself for entrance in Hampden-Sidney College. This institution, then under the direction of the Reverend Drury Lacy, who was vice-president and president *pro tempore* from 1789 to1797, had had for its first rectors the brothers Stanhope and Blair Smith, graduates of New Jersey College, afterwards Princeton, and it was doubtless the methods introduced by them that in the instruction given at Hampden-Sidney recommended the college to young Waddel's adviser. The long journey from Greene County, Georgia, to Prince Edward, Virginia, was made on horseback, and after some preliminary study he entered the Senior class in January, 1791.

It is interesting to note that among his classmates were a future Congressman, Doctor James Jones, of Dinwiddie County, Virginia, and George M. Bibb, afterwards judge and Senator from Kentucky. He was graduated on the 27th of September following, but remained in Virginia until the spring of 1793, during the greater part of this time undergoing the examinations required of him as a candidate for the ministry by the Presbytery of Hanover. A fellow candidate was Dr. William Calhoun, with a branch of whose family he was soon to be more intimately associated. After his return home he served as licentiate for perhaps a year in South Carolina and Georgia; but no great while subsequent to receiving his ordination in 1794, he united the callings he had hitherto followed singly, and became both preacher and teacher. The functions of the latter, however, gradually predominated in the claims made upon his time, and he was already near the close of his active career when the preacher emerged free from the routine of academic life.

During the ten years following his ordination, he taught school successively in Columbia County, Georgia, and Abbernath district, South Carolina, at points not far removed from each other, although in different states. This is a memorable period

in his history, as among his pupils were two youths who became not only prominent in their respective states, but famous in the annals of the nation as members of Congress, as cabinet ministers, and as candidates in the "Scrub Race" in 1824 for the presidency. They were probably not schoolfellows, and certainly not rivals, in that day of youthful ambitions, as Crawford was much younger than Calhoun; but it would be interesting to know what their preceptor thought of them and whether any vaticinations that he may have allowed himself regarding the two foreshadowed in any way the careers of William H. Crawford and John C. Calhoun. There is a story that President Jackson was also a pupil of his, and that he adduced his old instructor's authority for the characteristic way in which he pronounced "development." But the anecdote, without the slightest foundation in fact, while ridiculing "Old Hickory's" illiteracy, which was a byword, and also illustrating a notable trait of his, which some called obstinacy, serves at least to show how widely known Mr. Waddel was as a teacher.

It was while he was thus occupied in Columbia County, that the young schoolmaster and minister, going to fill an appointment to preach in the "Calhoun Settlement," in Abbernath district, met at her father's house, where he was established, Miss Catherine Calhoun, the sister of the lad, his pupil, who was afterwards to be famous as the "Apostle of Nullification." The young lady became his wife, but died in childbirth; and after an interval of four years, during which the teacher's desk was once more abandoned for the pulpit, he returned to Virginia, and took back with him as his bride the lady whom he had met when he was a student at Hampden-Sidney, Eliza Woodson Pleasants.

After four more years of teaching and preaching, Mr. Waddel gave himself up with decision to the cause of education, and founded the Academy of Willington. The site selected was a ridge not far from the Savannah river, in the same section in which he had previously taught. The people were largely Scotch-Irish and Huguenots—Protestants all—and the school became so notable a training-place for the youth of the country far and near that Dr. Ralsay, in his History of South Carolina, gives it highest praise. His account of the subjects taught and the methods pursued is given in stately rhetoric, though there were but few innovations made by the master in either direction. It was enough that he was a disciplinarian and thorough. French was naturally added to the classic languages, in response to the wishes of his Huguenot patrons. Although there were no bells nor fixed periods, under his masterful rule class succeeded class without disorder or loss of time. In his discipline Mr. Waddel employed the monitor system, but combined with it a really novel feature in holding a weekly court consisting of five of the culprit's peers. These imposed the penalty, which was inflicted by the presiding teacher, and when need arose, the rod was brought into play. His family government was administered with equal success, the six children born to him in his second marriage being apparently models of propriety, although no little may be set down in this admirable result to the fine tact of a devoted mother.

The time during which Dr. Waddel conducted the Willington Academy was about fifteen years. Among his pupils many became ministers of the Gospel and

many took high rank in political life. Of the latter class, Legare', McDaffie, and Petigru, of South Carolina and Cobb, Longstreet, Gilmer and Appling, of Georgia, may be mentioned.

The close of his career as an educator at Willington was coincident with his call to the Presidency of the Georgia University. Of this institution, though not the founder, he was the reviver and the first successful administrator. Franklin College, as it was also styled was projected as early as 1784, but opened its doors to its first students as late as 1804, and after fifteen years of what seems to have been a sheer struggle for existence, there was a virtual suspension of its functions till Dr. Waddel was invited, in its darkest hour, to undertake the task of restoration and improvement. The invitation, to his earnestly religious nature, came like a summons to a Heaven-appointed duty, and in this temper he began and prosecuted the work with such success that in ten years he had started the institution upon a career of usefulness and honor which seems thereafter to have suffered, except presumably during the Civil War, no let or hindrance and, with added funds, to have steadily risen and broadened to the present time.

But even under his strenuous management, the State endowment, though thenceforward sure, was absurdly small, and so remained long after his presidency ended. With a teaching force limited (the President included) to four professors and one tutor, and an equipment in buildings and apparatus correspondingly slender, the new executive is not to be supposed to have entertained any plans of greatly broadening the curriculum, which for a long time failed to include what was even taught at Willington, the French language. One of the chief objects that Dr. Waddel had in view may be surmised from his double calling and his deep convictions in regard to religion—to give a thoroughly Christian character to the works of the institution. Innovations in methods, if made, are not recorded, and there is no mention of his putting on trial what has since been called a college-senate, although he had introduced a similar means of discipline in his own academy. Yet in his higher position his experience in maintaining proper order among the students was not without its difficulties. Testimony varies as to his attitude towards offenders against the rules, but while firm, as became his character and convictions, he does not seem to have been harsh or unable to shift his point of view.

It may be of interest to the modern collegian to learn that the Senior class of that day and institution were required to write and deliver three orations, one at the close of each trimester, to use the German name for the triple division of the Senior's work then prevailing; the Juniors had as now but one to prepare.

After managing thus successfully the affairs of the Georgia University for a decade, Dr. Waddel deemed his duty in what he modestly regarded as pioneer work accomplished, and in 1829 he resigned the charge, with the purpose of devoting the remaining years of his life to the ministry, although not so entirely but that he hoped to give a sort of general oversight to another school which was now opened at Willington and placed under the direct control of his youngest son, John Newton Waddel.

It was he who, as before stated, when in after years he in his turn resigned the chancellorship of another Southern University, wrote the volumes in which are recorded both his father's services to education and his own.

But the years left to the veteran pioneer were few, and these were soon saddened by the death of his wife and, later by his own ill-health, which, mental in kind, incapacitated him for all work till the end came in 1840.

Of Dr. Waddel as a preacher it remains to be said that he was earnest rather than eloquent, sound in doctrine, with no savor of sensationalism. His merit was recognized as early as 1807 and obtained for him the degree of Doctor of Divinity which was conferred by the College of South Carolina under the presidency of Dr. Maxey. His sermons were orthodox, as the word then went, in length as in matter, and developed, according to one authority, with such fullness and formal precision as to illustrate perfectly the rules laid down in that vade mecum of two generations of students, Blair's Rhetoric. But he never wrote them out, and the notes were penned in characters so minute and peculiar that, although some have been preserved by his friends, their merit is still to be accepted upon other than internal evidence. But in many ways his noble work still lives. He was a man whose influence not only counted for good, but was profound and abiding, and in every walk of life, but especially through the teachers, preachers, and public men who sat under him as students, the precepts imbibed and the examples given have been transmitted to thousands of others. Surely Dr. Moses Waddel deserves to rank among our American worthies of both Church and State.

Sonnet to the Moon

Thou shining orb of silver, fair and bright,
Set in the spacious firmament so free,
A million balls of fire have hid from thee:
'Tis not thyself that is so fair and bright;
Nor canst thy cold dark form give light and life:
Thou art a frozen mass all heaped with snow,
And doth but reflect to our dark world below
The glorious sun, that makes thee fair to-night.
And so it is with every noble life
That doth eclipse its weaker fellow men,
Appears above the world's ' ignoble strife, '
And up to heaven its weary way doth wend;
That life is but a mirror of God's grace
And 'tis His holy life that we can trace.—

Mr. Joseph McMurran

BY MR. CHARLES GHISELIN.

THE McMurrans who were of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock emigrated to this country and settled in Jefferson county, Virginia, about 1775. The father of the subject of this sketch was a member of the Virginia legislature, a man of wealth, prominence, influence, high moral character and unbounded generosity. At his death in 1853 his pastor wrote of him that he had served the church with great efficiency as an elder for thirty-five years, that he was a man of vigorous mind, a large heart and earnest piety and was faithful at the family altar.

It was in the home of this man and his wife, Elizabeth Snodgrass, on their farm two and a half miles south of Shepherdstown that Joseph McMurran, their fourth child, was born and reared. There were eight other children, three of whom died in childhood; but of the five that survived Joseph was the oldest son and to him his brothers and sisters ever looked up with love and admiration.

When ten years of age he was sent to a school not far from his home taught by that good man and good teacher, John Hess, who did so much for education during a long lifetime in Jefferson county, from whom the youthful McMurran first imbibed the love of learning and who left the impress of his good strong character on his pupil. In later years Mr. McMurran would tell with evident enjoyment how he refused one day as a boy to go to school and how his father followed him up the full two miles of the way quickening his lagging steps with well directed aid from a strap till the schoolhouse was reached. It is needless to add that Joseph never objected to going to school again, and the patient perseverance and energy displayed by the parent soon communicated themselves to the son who was ever after advancing in learning and in the performance of duty. He also afterwards attended other schools in the neighborhood and among his schoolmates when he was sixteen years old were Rev. John M. Clymer and Judge D.B. Lucas, though they were several years his juniors. Brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord after this orthodox Presbyterian fashion on catechism and switch he became a Christian in early life and at eighteen united on profession of his faith in Christ with the Shepherdstown Presbyterian Church of which his father had long been an honored elder. He also soon developed into a diligent student and besides assisting the younger pupils in their studies so well prepared himself that by the time he was nineteen years of age he was ready for college.

He went first to Delaware College, then to Union College, New York, and finally in 1850 to Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, where he found all that was needed to satisfy his intellect and heart. He used to relate how in those days he had to make the journey from Richmond by canal boat all the way up to Buckingham county and then drive across the country to "the Hill." He boarded at Dr. Terry's at Prince Edward courthouse (now Worsham), and walked every day to college. He took the course in two years, graduating in 1852 with the academic degree of A.B., receiving after some years also what was then the honorary degree of A.M.

That "eloquent orator and inspiring teacher," Lewis W. Green, was President at the time, and among his friends in college McMurran numbered Phil McKinney, Richard McIlwaine, T. W. Hooper, E. H. Harding, Thomas Wharey and A.W.Pitzer. With such influences and associates around him no wonder he formed then an ardent attachment for Hampden-Sidney that only grew stronger as the years went by. He was older than most of the students and they had great respect and love for him. He was familiarly known to his friends as "Jonac," under which nom de plume he afterwards often contributed articles to the Hampden-Sidney *Magazine*.

Dr. Richard McIlwaine, the President of Hampden-Sidney College, describes him as "a pronounced Christian, an excellent student, a man of irreproachable character, pleasant in all the relations of student life and a friendly, genial fellow." He says again, "The men of his own class," (Dr. McIlwaine was in the class below), "whom I have met in after life always spoke of him affectionately. McKinney had the highest regard for him, and I remember him only with pleasure."

While McKinney was Governor of Virginia, he met James, the brother of Joseph McMurran, on one occasion and said to him, "Tell Jonac, I'll not be satisfied till he comes to pay me a visit at my home in Richmond."

Dr. T. W. Hooper, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Christiansburg, Va., writes, "McMurran and I were college mates and though I do not remember ever seeing him since he graduated a year or two ahead of me, I always remembered him as a very warm friend. He was a good student and exemplary in every way and I think took an honor."

Half a century had rolled by since they had parted on "the Hill" when one day Dr. Richard McIlwaine came to Shepherdstown and approaching McMurran on the street, in front of his drug store and extending his hand remarked, "Well, old fellow, it is a long time since I have seen you and I have come a long way to see you." McMurran, intently scanning the Doctor, pressed his hand and said in his kind way "Come in, Mc, I am glad to see you," and they spent a pleasant day together.

He loved above all things to talk of Hampden-Sidney, and any one that took an interest in the college he took straight to his heart. He was instrumental in organizing the Jefferson county Hampden-Sidney Alumni Association and was made its President and helped to send several students to college from his county.

Some years before his death he made a gift to the college library of a hundred and fifteen volumes that he had collected during a long period, among them a full set of

the Hampden-Sidney *Magazine*. Dr. Henry R. McIlwaine, Professor of English and History, Hampden-Sidney College, says, "In the books sent by Mr. McMurran more material bearing upon the history of the college can be found and more of the actual literary work of Hampden-Sidney men than before the gifts were made was in the library." He further says, "I have always looked upon Mr. McMurran as being the truest friend of the college that I have come into contact with, for he has always been universal in his efforts to assist in building up the institution."

Dr. Richard McIlwaine writes, "He was a devoted friend of Hampden-Sidney College, was such through life and did all in his power to advance its interests."

While still a student at Hampden-Sidney, Mr. McMurran in a letter to a friend wrote: "One year more and I hope to be qualified to take some part in the education of the youth of our country and I long to be up and doing." His ambition was gratified and immediately after graduation he entered upon his chosen profession of teaching. For four years he was principal successively of Greene Academy, Huntsville, Ala., Chatham Academy, Pittsylvania County, Va., Bellfield Academy, Hicksford, Va., and a private school in Prince Edward County, Virginia. For the next three years he was principal of the Montgomery Male Academy in Christiansburg, Va., where he achieved remarkable success and where he "is still remembered," Dr. Hooper says, "by all the older people with great pleasure." Among his pupils during this period who afterwards became distinguished were Dr. Robert W. Douthat, Professor of Latin in the University of West Virginia, the late Dr. Edward H. Barnett, of Atlanta, Ga., and the late Dr. John W. Neill, of San Antonio, Texas.

Dr. Douthat pays this tribute, "I was for three years during the formative period of my life under the very excellent instruction of Dr. Joseph McMurran than whom I never had a better teacher, more patient, more polished, more impressive, more inspiring. Could that eloquent and scholarly divine, the late lamented Dr. Edward H. Barnett of the Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, Ga., return to us from his heavenly home, we doubt not, he too would gladly give his testimony to the excellence of our old teacher who has just passed away. Dr. McMurran always had a large school in Christiansburg, and was very generally looked upon as another 'Arnold of Rugby,' the very embodiment of patience and love who under the great Taskmaster's eye lived to serve humanity and in doing this to glorify God."

Another year was spent in teaching as principal of the Lowndesboro Academy, Ala., after which his educational work was interrupted by the breaking out of the War between the States. At the close of the War the summer was spent in the harvest field and on the farm and in the fall Mr. McMurran resumed his favorite occupation. For four years he taught a large private classical and English school in Shepherdstown with much success, preparing numbers of young men and women for college and for the active duties of life. Then after teaching a year in a private school in Sumter County, South Carolina, and another year as principal of the Academy at Duffield's, West Virginia, he returned to Shepherdstown. Largely through the efforts of Mr. McMurran and Hon. G. M. Beltzhoover the free use of the old Courthouse building in

Shepherdstown was secured from the owners, Messrs. Brookes, of Boston, and Shepherd College, a classical and scientific school was organized in 1872 under an incorporated board of trustees, in connection with which the legislature soon after established a Branch State Normal School.

Professor McMurran was at the head of this institution for ten years and always with just pride regarded it as the best work of his life. He was indefatigable in his efforts for its success, expending his own private means in the repair and improvement of the buildings and the purchase of furniture and apparatus, while the legislature doled out a niggardly support and some years failed to make any appropriation at all. One year the students numbered one hundred and forty-five. The pupils who went out from his instruction at this time formed the teaching force for many years in the schools of the town and county.

Besides the sixty-five teachers that he trained during these ten years others of his pupils have entered all the departments of life as ministers, lawyers, legislators, physicians, merchants, farmers and queens of the home. His pupils of this period love him with a passionate devotion which he heartily reciprocated. The alumni association of Shepherds College hold an annual meeting at which they never fail to recount the achievements of their former teacher and to sing his praises. From his deathbed he sent these old pupils of his the message that he loved them better than anything else in the world, that if he was permitted to continue the work of teaching in heaven, he would like to gather around him his old pupils and with them pursue the work of education, and he begged that when he was gone, they would remember their old teacher. He laid the foundations of Shepherd College State Normal School deep and strong and gave it the character and standing that has enabled it to accomplish the beneficent work it has ever since been doing for education in Jefferson county and the eastern part of the State.

Mr. McMurran was president of the county board of education for many years and for five years he was a member of the West Virginia State Board of Examiners and Conductor of Teachers' Institutes. He knew all the schools and teachers in the county and was deeply interested in the work of education throughout the whole State.

When the War between the States was threatening in the summer of 1860, Mr. McMurran was teaching in Alabama. The young men of the community in which he lived formed a young volunteer company and offered him the captaincy. This he declined, however, and returned to his native State. He came to Christiansburg and there after editing in partnership with Capt. John C. Wade, the *Star of the West*, a weekly paper, for seven or eight months, when Virginia seceded, he promptly enlisted on April 17, 1861, as a private in Company G, Capt. R. C. Trigg, which was assigned to the 4th Regiment, Virginia Infantry, commanded by Col. James F. Preston. This regiment belonged to the First Brigade, afterwards known as the famous Stonewall Brigade. He continued in active service through the whole war with the exception of six months that were spent in prison at Fort Delaware after he was captured at

Kernstown. He was never known to be on a furlough. He was in all the engagements that made the name and fame of the Stonewall Brigade. He was twice severely wounded, once in the shoulder at Winchester and once at Gettysburg through the lung which ever after gave him trouble. For a long time he lay desperately ill in a hospital in Staunton. He was promoted to be sergeant-major and afterwards was made acting adjutant of his regiment. His educational training, habits of accuracy and easy use of the pen enabled him to render invaluable assistance to his superior officers.

He was the trusted friend of General Terry. His comrades in arms all bear witness to his fidelity and courage as a soldier. Generals Terry and Walker with whom he served both testified that they had never known a man braver in battle or more cool in danger.

Dr. A. C. Hopkins of Charlestown, W. Va., writes, "His place in the line was on the right of that fine regiment (the 4th) and on the march in its front. His tall form and earnest, patient bearing rise before my memory in great distinctness as Jackson's Foot Cavalry (as the Brigade was often styled) were making some of those rapid and long marches for which it in common with Jackson's ever increasing command became famous. He was always in place, rarely sick, conscientious, patient and determined. He filled his office well and satisfactorily with all fidelity yet with liberal common sense in the exercise of his authority towards the men of his command. He was appreciated and respected by his superior officers and valued for the great intelligence and fidelity with which he discharged his duties."

After the war he was active as a member of the local camp of Confederate Veterans and did much to perpetuate the glorious memories of the South. He was full of reminiscences of the War and delighted to talk over incidents of battles and of camp life with the old soldiers, and constant and wide reading of literature connected with the War kept his memory refreshed and made his conversation on the subject always interesting. Mr. McMurran wrote but little for publication, fugitive articles chiefly for the Hampden-Sidney *Magazine* and for educational journals. He wrote a brief history of Hampden-Sidney College which appeared in the *Magazine* in 1859. In 1884 a sketch of the class of 1852 appeared in the same magazine by him. But perhaps the most interesting contribution that he made was an article entitled "The Stonewall Brigade," which is found in "Camp fires of the Confederacy," a volume of anecdotes and reminiscences of the War and of Confederate poems and songs, published at Louisville in 1898. His description of the Stonewall Brigade is most vivid and the incidents and speeches that he recounts are most valuable as coming from an eye and ear witness.

When the monument to the Southern soldiers buried in Elmwood Cemetery, at Shepherdstown, was erected in 1870, he wrote the patriotic inscriptions that adorn it. Each year on Memorial Day his tall form in gray was seen with the surviving veterans and his sonorous voice was heard above the rest as it rang out in the questions and answers of the beautiful service their defense of the South and defiance of her

foes. And at last he fell asleep with the faces of his chieftains of the "Lost Cause," Jefferson Davis, Lee and Jackson, looking down upon him from the walls of his quiet bedroom—an unreconstructed rebel to the end.

In 1882 tired with the erratic support given Shepherd College by the State Mr. McMurran retired from the work of education and undertook the drug business in which he continued for nearly twenty years, not stopped even by failing health during the last year until suddenly arrested by the hand of death, still in harness and hard at work. He studied Materia Medica, Botany, Physiology, Anatomy and Surgery for several years but was providentially hindered from completing his course in medicine.

Mr. McMurran was of striking personal appearance. He had a commanding form, was more than six feet tall and of a martial bearing. In later life he had a smooth bald head and an immaculate white beard, with classic features, pure white skin, clear, kind blue eyes. He was intellectual, refined, gentle and firm, attractive to women and children as well as to men. His speaking portrait hangs on the walls of the Shepherd College Library, a perpetual benediction. He was never married and the happiness that most men find in wife and children he found in lavishing kind attentions upon his devoted sister in the sacred circle of their home and in making himself useful to the whole community. He was never so happy as when doing some kindness. By some he was called "the Encyclopedia," so comprehensive and varied was the information he held and he dispensed it as freely as a fountain to all.

His brother, Mr. James McMurran, of Bristol, Tenn., writes: "I do know this of my own knowledge that there are a number of instances in which he gave gratuitous instruction to poor but worthy young men, who today are holding positions of honor and trust who credit him with their advancement in life and the influence exercised over them in moulding their characters for good and usefulness."

Again he writes: "He endured the privations and hardships of army life without murmuring and it was always his pleasure to add a word of cheer and encouragement to those who were despondent."

How much healing and help he freely dispensed to the sick and needy even he himself did not know, for he was not one to let his left hand know what his right hand was doing.

For fifty-four years he was a member of the Presbyterian Church. He was honored with various offices at different times. As member of the church, as teacher in the Sunday-school and superintendent for twenty-five years, as deacon and treasurer of the church, as ruling elder for twenty-nine years and clerk of the session, he did what he believed to be his duty and did it well. Deeply interested in the welfare of the church, wise in council for her good, conscientious and upright in character, blameless in conduct, kind and considerate in disposition, he was looked up to by all, old and young alike, with reverence and love as a true ruler in God's house.

A multitude of men and women and little children are ready to rise up and call him blessed. And through these lives that he has influenced and blessed "he being

dead yet speaketh." And yet Mr. McMurran would be the first to say in his humility, as did the Apostle Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Death does not end such a life as that. Freed from the limitations and imperfections of earth, freed from the hindrances of evil and sin, the character and life that God's grace has fashioned here goes on more gloriously in the world beyond.

He passed from earth to heaven the fourteenth of February, 1902.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."





Come Walk Amid the Greenwood

Come walk amid the greenwood, friend,
Where budding trees and blossoms sweet
And flowerets growing at your feet
A cordial welcome free extend,
And on the balmy air expend
Their perfume rare, that spring's slight heat
Drew from their bosom's pure retreat.
Come where the song bird's notes ascend
Like crystal chimes from fairy land,
Or fall like mellow mist of gold.
Come listen to the gentle breeze
That speaks in whispers low, yet grand.
Here Nature's wondrous leaves unfold,
And grief and care give place to ease.

Sketches Re-Sketched

Das Beste was wir von der Geschichte haben
Ist der Enthusiasmus, den sie erregt.—*Goethe.*

HOW great the contrast was in colonial times between Tidewater, Virginia, and the outlying part of the state is well illustrated by the careers in Virginia of two Princetonians of the class of 1769 and 1770 respectively—Samuel Stanhope Smith and Philip Vickers Fithian. Smith we all know, Fithian, few could have known until recently, when his Journal and Letters (1767-1774) were published by the Princeton Historical Society. It is not enough to say in explanation that Smith was a man of parts, while Fithian was only mediocre, dying very young into the bargain. Because it might easily have happened that the able Smith in the ordinary Fithian shoes would have acquitted himself badly, and Fithian as first President of Hampden-Sidney might have done a more lasting work than Smith.

Philip Vickers Fithian came to Virginia in 1771 engaged as tutor for the large family of Robert Carter, the Councillor of Nomini Hall in Westmoreland county, grandson of the famous "King" Carter. Of small birth and breeding in Cohansie, New Jersey, a diligent student at Princeton, absorbed there altogether in his books and his conscience, young Fithian entered a new world in Virginia. After catching his breath in astonishment, he wisely set himself to do his work thoroughly and to hold his tongue. Shocked beyond measure at many things he saw and heard about him, he concluded that it was not for him to hystericate any burden of Nineveh. He took his modest part in the life of the country, rode to church on Sundays, chatted with the gentry before and after service, dined at their houses, attended their balls, though blushing at his inability to dance, and even drank their healths when this was fitting. He never toadied. In Col. Carter he found a man devoted to music, a deep student of law and philosophy, the owner of a library thrice as large as the Cohansie pastor's and much better chosen. Mrs. Carter was kind to Fithian and he learned to admire her greatly—"The best of women," he often called her. She was

a cheerful, sane woman, an excellent manager of children and servants, surpassing as a housekeeper—a typical Virginia matron of her time, who saw life whole as life was in those days.

Young Fithian showed the proper spirit and of course got on. He was successful as a teacher and made friends in the country. But all the while he was sighing for a certain Laura in Cohansie and after ten years of Virginia, he gave up the position, not without regret, and went home. To his successor, Mr. Peck, also of Princeton, he wrote a letter of instructions which it is to be hoped Mr. Peck made a vademecum —the letter gives just the advice that was sure to be needed. Fithian married his Laura, was commissioned an army captain, and died of camp fever on Long Island in 1774.

Placed similarly, at the age of twenty-five would the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith have done as well? With all respect to a man who did not fall short in any task assigned him, it may be doubted whether Smith would have done as well. His virtues and his antecedents might have proved stumbling blocks. His father, Robert Smith, was a minister, head of the well known Log College at Pegua, Pennsylvania—a school in direct descent through Samuel Blair's at New Londonberry from William Tennent's at Neshaminy, near Philadelphia, opened about 1718. Here was enough in itself for a little of the enthusiastical which would have not taken in Westmoreland County. Moreover, Smith had been for three years a fellow or tutor in the College of New Jersey, and like all those who bore William Tennent's stamp directly or indirectly, he was of the "New Light" variety of Presbyterianism which held it a duty to be "lively" in matters of faith. Hence, one is justified in suspecting that young Smith would have been too eager to foist his opinions if cast among people who held very different ones.

Such speculation is idle, however. It was Smith's good fortune throughout his life to be placed among congenial surroundings. Prince Edward, for example, was ground prepared for him. For more than twenty-five years those faithful missionaries of the New Light Synod of New York, beginning with the great Samuel Davies, John Todd, Robert Henry, John Wright, and David Rice, all Princeton men, had been doing good work among the Presbyterians of Virginia, both north and south of the James. The Presbytery of Hanover, formed in 1755, began twenty years later to take measure for establishing schools of its own, and when Smith came South with his youth and his enthusiasm, it was decided that he was the man to put over the academy east of the mountains; and it was at his recommendation that William

Graham (a student of Princeton, class of 1773, while Smith was tutor there) was selected to manage the school in Augusta County.

For four years then Smith was President of the Academy, assisted by Princeton men, among them his Brother John Blair Smith, class of 1773; among them also Samuel Doak, who in 1778 went to Tennessee, there to found his own log college, and John Springer to be remembered for his unsolicited confession that "he did get drunk and gamble."

Naturally, President Smith began under fine auspices. Not only supported by a dissenting and knowledge-craving people, the Academy swarmed with students because, on the eve of the Revolution, activity and curiosity were everywhere alive. What happened at Oxford and Cambridge in Medieval times happened here—gentlemen were allowed to build quarters for their sons. This prosperity was of short duration. The Academy owed its life to the spirit of '76, working in a particular fashion, and this same spirit came near being the cause of its early death. For as the war went on and the state of affairs became more and more unsettled, currency depreciated and what not, so that it was about over with Hampden-Sidney. Generous friends gave aid and the evil times were overpassed. Then Dr. Smith in 1779, was called away to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy in Princeton; in that day and time young clergymen were held to know all about moral philosophy. What he left behind was not very much. Presbytery had founded the Academy and the precedent had been established that its chief officer should be pastor of the neighboring churches. It is not altogether ill advised to say that a man like the plodding Fithian would have done a better work than Smith, the eloquent preacher. If Smith had been less brilliant, he would have stayed longer at the Academy, and that institution would not have been handicapped by such a frequent change of administration during its formative period. Presbytery's other school, Liberty Hall, kept its first rector for twenty years and more.

Liberty Hall was fortunate in several respects. Rector Graham was a man of vigor and had sense. He had the gentle art of making enemies, to be sure, but supported by a habit of carrying out his own ideas. His business mind led him to make an effort to secure for his school the James River Canal stock which Gen. Washington was hesitating what to do with. Graham's letter to Gen. Washington setting forth why Liberty Hall should be endowed is a clear statement of facts which have proven to be true. The letter shows how the situation of Liberty Hall was such as to make it an educational center for a spacious territory, and how the school had been moved

more than once to get it best into touch with the country round about. The James River Canal stock came to Liberty Hall in 1796, the year of Graham's resignation, and the school was thence forward until 1813, known as one of the multitude of Washington Academies. There is no record that the Trustees of Hampden-Sidney lifted a finger to get this endowment for their College. No doubt they did not. The years between the second Smith's resignation and Dr. Alexander's coming, were lean years with the College; the trustees had their farms, and in Presbytery for a part of this time there was decided apathy, even opposition, shown to the College.

Another point. The valley of Virginia is a distinctly marked off section of the state. When the sister institutions, Hampden-Sidney and Liberty Hall,were founded, that portion of Hanover Presbytery lying in the valley was a fairly homogeneous region. Hanover Presbytery east of the mountains was by no means homogeneous. John Blair Smith towards the end of his term was loud in denunciation of the indifference of the brethren north of the James, far from the seat of war, well placed in a frontier region where Presbyterians had forgotten that they were non-conformists, looking towards the great West and drawing from it, directed for fifty years by two men, Graham and Baxter, Washington Academy and College had the advantage of Hampden-Sidney in the early days.

This was not as apparent at the first. In the even race of the institutions, one getting its charter in 1782, the other in 1783, there was ground for a sense of rivalry between the classmates, Graham and Smith. When Smith began his great revival of 1787 he asked Graham to come out to Macedonia, and Graham was not eager to come. But he came, bringing the boy Archibald Alexander, preached quite effectively, and managed to dispel the gloom he had, on first arriving, cast over the heated revivalists by his outward coolness. He must have looked about him pretty sharply on this trip and sized up the *status quo*, actual and prospective. When Smith resigned two years later, and Presbytery offered the place to Graham, he replied that his duty called him to stay on his side of the mountain. There was something wrong which Dr. Foote, who evidently knew, does not then light upon.

John Blair Smith was a man of ability and courage. He was unquestionably an orator and a preacher of mark; he did valiant service in the cause of religious freedom; he did not hold back when the alarms of war came near; and he died because he would not run from the yellow fever of 1779 in Philadelphia. It is possible that he was without tact and was too willing to set up standards for other men, indiscriminately. He contrived to offend Patrick Henry grievously by making a student at a public debate his mouthpiece for reply to one of the old statesman's speeches.

And he had allowed himself to go so far as to talk in Presbytery about Dr. Waddel, who permitted his daughters to learn the *minuet*, and who, an old man, absented himself from church councils when he felt disposed.

One thing is certain. Already the pastorate of the neighborhood churches was becoming onerous and distracting enough to hamper the efficiency of the President of the College. This became wofully evident during Dr. Lacy's term of office. From the first, it strikes one as if the presidency was only incidental to the pastorate. The dissenters were willing enough to acclaim Jefferson as the apostle of disestablishment; he was an atheist when he attempted to set education on its own feet, making it religion's co-worker rather than its servant.

Princeton had scattered the seed and after twenty years the seed did not have to be renewed from the home granery. Archibald Alexander, John Holt Rice, George A. Baxter, Moses Hoge; these were pupils of Dr. Graham at Liberty Hall. Hampden Sidney trained Drury Lacy, James Blythe (of Transylvania University fame), and John McKennie Wilson, whose school in Carbarrus county, North Carolina, formed so many Presbyterian ministers, and was the preparer of the way for Davidson College. Lacy and Blythe, and perhaps Wilson, were students under John Blair Smith.

In 1794 Archibald Alexander, twenty-two years old, was ordained pastor of the United Congregations of Cumberland, Cub Creek, Buffalo, and Briery, and in 1796 he was induced to become president of the College, the Rev. John Blair (Princeton 1775) of Richmond, having declined the honor. In 1797, when Alexander came to take up his new duties, he found John Holt Rice already installed, as sole tutor, and carrying on the work successfully. Two young men with the stuff of greatness in them were thus joined in close companionship—and they showed the stuff of greatness. They tackled with vim the reorganization of the gone-to-pieces school, and before they left it was gotten into a very fair condition. What they did, however, in the main was to fit themselves for their life work, and this was not to be given to building up a College at Hampden-Sidney. Had they so elected, Mr. Cushing might have come to an institution of body and brawn in place of the dry bones he found. Lovers of the College cannot but raise such questions. It is a doubtful comfort to be able to say that this and that great man spent their days of small things in one's community.

Dr. Alexander resigned in 1806 and in 1807 Dr. Moses Hoge took his place, only because he was given to understand that Hanover Presbytery would make him its Professor of Theology. This was done in 1808, and in 1812 Dr. Hoge became the

Synod's Professor of Theology, Presbytery's theological school merging into Synod's. President, pastor, professor of Theology—No wonder that by 1813 Dr. Hoge became blue and thought of renouncing this triple alliance.

These movements for the establishment of a theological department in Hampden-Sidney College, the President of the College, the Theological Professor, and acting under Synod, are significant in so far as they show how rapid the change in the influential opinion of the state must have been during the years immediately following the Revolution. Mr. Jefferson had been able to get his bill for religious freedom through the Assembly only in 1785. A little more than twenty years later, a College whose charter was granted before the passage of that bill, seemed to be bidding fair to become a Presbyterian theological school. We hear of no remonstrance. People did not care. The old order had passed away, and what took place at Transylvania University and at Dickinson College might have just as well come to pass at Hampden-Sidney, had circumstances been favorable.

Why the Legislature, in 1816, refused to grant the petition for the incorporation of the Seminary, Dr. Foote does not state. This refusal was a good thing for the College. Synod let its funds be administered in trust by the College Board. The Trustees were given something to do, had to do something, and they were put in the way of discovering how much there was to do if they turned their attention to their own affairs. Dr. Hoge had tried to make them see. At last they did see. More teachers were engaged—among them Johnathan Peter Cushing, of New Hampshire, recommended by Dr. Rice.

Librarian in 1818, first Professor (Natural Philosophy and Chemistry—the words mean much) in 1819, in 1812, after Dr. Hoge's death Mr. Cushing was made President. The Trustees could not be blind to his fitness, and they boldly set aside tradition. Mr. Cushing was a layman and not of Presbyterian faith; his bent was towards science, not towards theology. A president of this sort—How could such things be? If Mr. Cushing had failed, his name would have been *anathema*. He succeeded. Free to give his great energies undivided to the making of the College, he set about his business, and Synod was left to its own devices in choosing a successor to Dr. Hoge, as head of the Theological School. Dr. Alexander was invited but would not leave Princeton. After much vacillation, church politics interfering with prompt action, Synod asked Dr. Rice. The debate was somewhat heated as to whether he should assume the duties of th pastorate as well as those of his chair. Reason prevailed; he was installed simply as Professor of Theology, and the Rev. J.

D. Paxton was extended a call by the church. In a short while the difficulties of years had been reduced. The President of the College had now an opportunity to make himself—President of a College; the Theological School was constituted a separate entity; and there was a pastor who could give himself to the care of souls as such.

Mr. Cushing made the most of these fairing conditions. From a part of the country where colleges were not few, he saw how ridiculously poor in colleges Virginia was, and how with the proper endeavors a good college might be made to flourish here, where there was none before. Jefferson's patient waiting and working were just now beginning to show in the rising of the University of Virginia. Gilmer was in England engaging professors—men who were to inaugurate a new era in American education. Mr. Cushing was a man of the times. He is Hampden-Sidney's Jefferson, Cabell, Gilmer, all in one. He brought down James Marsh, his classmate at Dartmouth, and Marsh during his short stay at Hampden-Sidney translated for Dr. Rice's students Herder's Spirit of Hebrew Poetry. It is likely that Mr. Cushing set on foot the negotiations that brought Dr. Draper to Hampden-Sidney in 1836. After so long a time, the *Zeitgeist* was beginning to peer about in the lanes and among the pines of Prince Edward.

President Cushing was a lovable as well as an energetic man. His students were devoted to him. As a boy he had been apprenticed, but had made his own money and put himself through Phillip's Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College (1817). He was one of the legion of the weak-lunged and stout-hearted by whose short lives the world has been made better. Coming south for his health he met Dr. Rice in Richmond, and Mr. Rice, as we have seen, commended him to the Hampden-Sidney Board. When Dr. Rice came to Hampden-Sidney Mr. Cushing was able to make a return of kindness; he gave up a part of his scant quarters so that Dr. and Mrs. Rice might be comfortable. It was Mr. Cushing who got Old Martin Sailors to give the land upon which the Seminary building rose. Somehow the name, "Old Martin Sailors" calls up the fancy of an old fellow rolling his quid and growling out: "I don't give a continental for the theological school, but I'll do it for Mr. Cushing." Once more an idle question. Suppose this man of brain and skill had lived a few years longer? In his time he had made Hampden-Sidney worth the name of College, one of the first colleges in the state of Virginia. What would have been the result if he had been at the helm during the storms of Old Side and New Side, that rose fierce upon his death? It would have been impossible for the College to have come out of this unscathed. But Mr. Cushing would have had no such temptations as beset

a distinguished divine like Dr. Carroll, whose opinions were dear to him. If the presidency could have passed from Mr. Cushing to Mr. Maxwell, that mild old gentleman and learned antiquary would not have been obliged to face such difficulties. And Dr. Green, no doubt, would have been not so much re-creator as continuer. The truth is, that during those years of *odium theologicum*, the proximity of the Seminary was pernicious to the College. Doubtless there were other complications. That was a sore one. It savors a little of fate's irony that the very conditions of the founding of the College should have stood in the way of its best interests.

ALFRED J. MORRISON.

As anyone may see, what is here written is taken largely from Dr. Foote.

Why is it that Dr. Foote is still our best, almost our only, authority?

There must be original documents, and Prof. Henneman (KALEIDOSCOPE VOL. II.) cannot have exhausted them.

Why does not someone look into the original documents and tell us what they say?

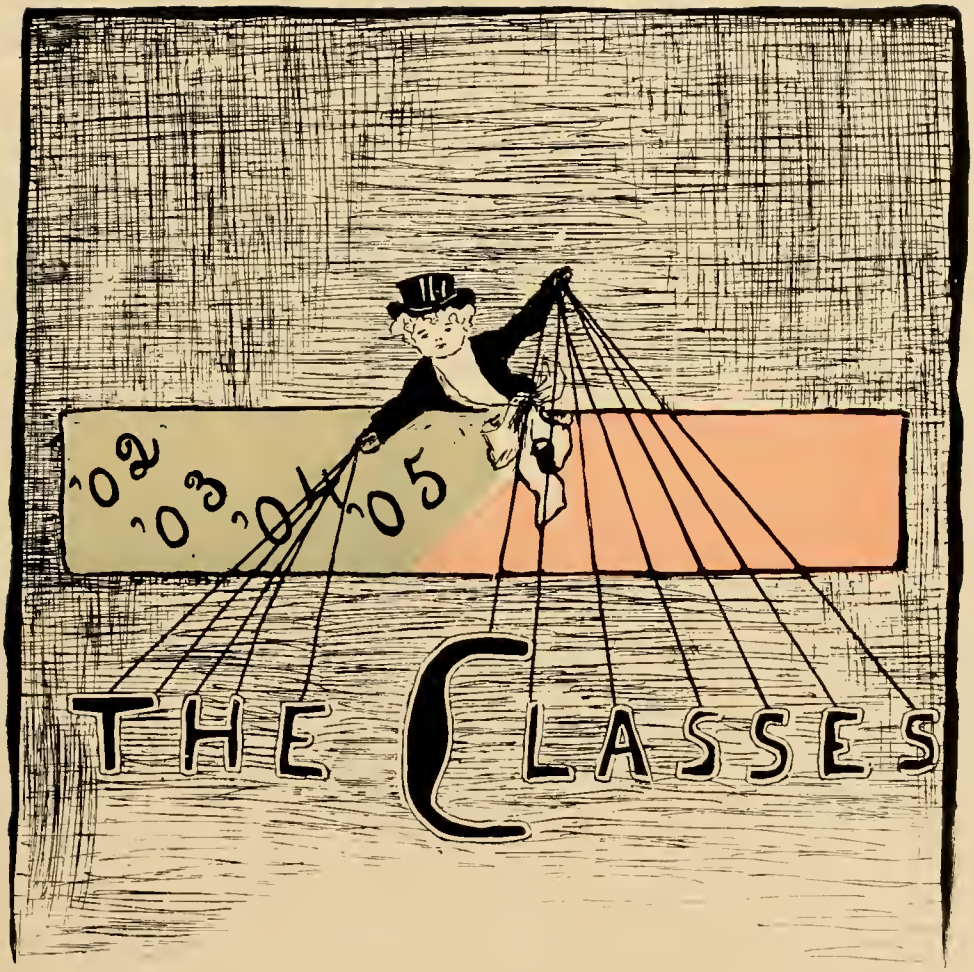
A. J. M.

Night

The night comes on. The sun's rays pale,
And out from deep ravine and dale,
 No longer bound by sunbeams, rise
 Night's ghostly shadows, and with sighs,
Requiem winds day's death bewail.

I shudder as weird sounds assail
My startled ears, and gladly hail
 My home as if its light denies
 The night comes on.

In gloom like this I should not quail
For deeper, darker, shades inveil
 Me. Then alone 'tis night when dies
 Love's mutual day. Then from life's skies
All light fades fast, with endless bale
 The night comes on.


'02
'03
'04
'05
THE CLASSES

While Cigarettes to Ashes Burn

Secluded in a quiet nook
In meadow fair with daisies pied,
I list to babblings of the brook
That flows adown the far hillside,
And rest on beds of moss and fern
While cigarettes to ashes burn.

Old faces dreams and visions fair
Of those I loved in years ago,—
The dusky waves of glossy hair—
The brook as white as drifted snow,
And to old times I often turn
While cigarettes to ashes burn.

Those days of old have fled and gone
And even she is now no more;
And while I wander on alone
I pause and dream of times of yore,—
In smoky wreaths I see an urn
While cigarettes to ashes burn.

The smoke clouds lift and fade away
And dimmer grows the sunset hues,
And yet I dreaming, lingering stay
Till damp my couch with evening dews
But for old times I fondly yearn
While cigarettes to ashes burn.



Senior Class

Officers

First Term.		Second Term.
J. H. Rudy	*President*	L. E. Hubard.
C. F. Fitzgerald	*Vice-President*	R. H. Burroughs.
E. H. Cohn	*Treasurer*	Hardy Cross.
R. C. Stokes	*Secretary*	J. D. Pasco.
D. H. Willcox	*Historian*	D. H. Willcox.

Motto

"Take things as they come."

Colors

Royal Purple and White.

Yell

Wahoo! Wahoo! What do we do?
We yell! We yell! 1902!
Rah, rah, rah! Rip, rah, re!
Hip rah! Rip rah! H. S. C.

Post-Graduate Students

WILLIAM ELLIOTT JONES, *ΠΚΑ*, "Y", "Σ", ... San Marino, Va.
KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1901; *Magazine* Staff; Manager Baseball Team; Football Team.

ROBERT HENNING WEBB, *ΠΚΑ*, ... Suffolk, Va.
Magazine Staff 1900–01; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff 1900–01.

Members

GEORGE BLANTON ALLEN, *ΨΩ*, "R.H.O.C T.," *Philanthropic*, . Morganfield, Ky.
Dramatic Club, 1899–00; Orchestra and Glee Club; Track Team; Class Baseball Team; Class Football Team; College Baseball Team; President of Class, Second Term 1900–01; Intermediate Invitation Committee 1900–01; Assistant Manager of College Football Team, 1900–01; Leader of Germans.

FRANCIS SIDNEY ANDERSON, *Philanthropic*, ... Dannville, Va.
Delegate to the Southern Student Conference at Asheville, N. C. 1901; College Football Team 1901–02; Class Football Team 1901–02.

RICHARD HANSFORD BURROUGHS, *ΒΘΠ*, *Union*, . . . Norfolk, Va.
Senior Orator's Medal 1901–02; Junior Debater's Medal, 1900–01; Delivered Sophomore Essayist's Medal, 1900; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1900–01; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1901–02; Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1899–00; Dramatic Club; Invitation Committee, Intermediate, 1900–01; Arrangement Committee, 1901–02; Class Football Team; College Football Team, 1900–01; Class Baseball Team; Track Team; Annual Staff.

EDWARD HERRMAN COHN, *ΒΘΠ*, *Union*, ... Norfolk, Va.
Captain of Class Football Team, 1899–00; Class Baseball Team; College Football Team; Class Football Team; Gymnasium Team; Track Team; College Baseball Team, 1900–01; Business Manager of Hampden-Sidney *Magazine*; Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1901–02; Glee Club; Dramatic Club.

JOSEPH ALLEN CHRISTIAN, *Philanthropic*, . . . Willcox Wharf, Va.
Manager of Y. M. C. A. Reading Room, First Term, 1900–01; College Football Team 1901–02; Class Football Team; Track Team.

HARDY CROSS, *ΚΑ*, *Union*, ... Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Sophomore Essayist's Medal 1899–00; Intermediate Invitation Committee 1900–01; Final Junior Orator, 1900–01; Delivered Junior Debater's Medal; Editor-in-Chief of *Magazine*; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff; Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1901–02; Final Senior Orator, 1901–02.


Allen
Anderson
Barnes
Cohn

JOHN LAWRENCE DANIEL, *Philanthropic*, ... Farmville, Va.
Invitation Committee, 1901–02; Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team.

PAUL GRAY EDMUNDS, *Union*, ... Farmville, Va.
Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; Assistant Director of Gymnasium, 1901–02; Instructor of Gymnasium, 1902.

JAMES FLETCHER EPES, ΑΦ, *Philanthropic*, ... Blackstone, Va.
Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team.

CABELL FLOURNOY FITZGERALD, ΑΦ, "R. H. O. C. T.," *Philanthropic*, Richmond, Va.
Glee Club; Final Marshal, 1900–01; Class Baseball Team; Class Football Team; Dramatic Club; Vice-President of Class, First Team, 1901–02; Annual Staff, 1901–02; Track Team.

ROBERT SPOTTS GRAHAM, ΒΘΠ, "Σ", "Γ", *Philanthropic*, . Tazewell, Va.
Captain of College Baseball Team, 1900–01–02; Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1900–01; College Football Team, 1901; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1900–01; *Magazine* Staff; Junior Final Orator, 1901; Intermediate Marshal 1900–01; Class Football Team; President Athletic Association, First Term, 1901–02; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff; Gymnasium Team; Final President, *Philanthropic* Society 1902.

PIERRE BERNARD HILL, ΑΦ; *Philanthropic*, . . . Richmond, Va.
Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1898–99; Class Treasurer, First Term, 1898–99; Class Historian, 1898–99–00–01; Class Football Team; Annual Staff, 1898–99; Gymnasium Team 1898–99; President of Class, First Term, 1899–00; *Magazine* Staff; Invitation Committee, 1900–01; Leader of Mandolin Club; President of Y. M. C. A. 1901–02; Final Junior Orator, 1900–01; Final Senior Orator, 1901–02; Junior Essayist's Medal 1900–01; Class Baseball Team.

ROBERT EVELYN HENRY, ΒΘΠ, "Γ", "Σ", "R. H. O. C. T."; Tazewell, Va.
Editor-in-Chief of the KALEIDOSCOPE, 1902; *Magazine* Staff; Dramatic Club; Mandolin and Glee Club; Manager of Football Team; Baseball Team.

LYTTLETON, EDMUNDS HUBARD, ΑΦ, *Philanthropic*, . . . Bolling, Va.
Intermediate Junior Orator, 1900–01; Dramatic Club, 1900–01; Delivered Essayist's Medal, 1900–01; Business Manager of KALEIDOSCOPE; President of Class, Second Term, 1901–02; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1901–02.

WILLIAM READ MARTIN, ΠΚΑ, ΘΝΕ, "Σ", *Union*, . . Charlotte C. H., Va.
Treasurer of Class, 1898–99; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1900–01–02.


Fitzgerald
Elkes
Graham
Henry
Hill
Hubard
Magee

Stuart Leigh Magee, *ΒΘΠ, Philanthropic,* . . . Clarksville, Va.

Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1899–00; Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1899–00; Invitation Committee, 1899–00; Class Baseball Team.

Hugh Maffitt McAllister, *ΠΚΑ, Union,* Covington, Va.

Secretary of Class, First Term, 1898–99; Kaleidoscope Staff, 1899–00; Final Junior Orator, Union Society, 1900–01; Review Editor of *Magazine,* 1901–02.

Houston Burger Moore, *Philanthropic,* Mossy Creek, Va.

College Football Team; Class Football Team.

James Denham Pasco, *ΨΩ,* "R. H. O. C. T.", "Σ", *Union,* . Monticello, Fla.

Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1899–00; Secretary and Treasurer of German Club, 1899–00; Annual Staff, 1899–00; Intermediate and Final Marshal, 1899–00; President of Class, First Term, 1900–01; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1900–01; Senior Intermediate Orator, 1902; Business Manager of Dramatic Club, 1901–02; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1901–02; Manager of Class Baseball Team, 1901–02.

James Henry Rudy, ΣΑ "Σ", "V", *Union,* Paducah, Ky.

President of Class, First Term, 1901–02; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1900–01; Intermediate and Final Marshal, 1899–00; Manager of Class Football Team, 1900–01; Captain of Class Football Team, 1901–02; Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; Captain of College Football Team; Gymnasium Team; Track Team, 1900–01; Glee Club; Chairman Intermediate and Final German Club Arrangement Committee, 1900–01.

Richard Cralle Stokes, *ΚΣ, ΘΔΧ, Philanthropic,* . . . Covington, Va.

Manager of Class Baseball Team, 1899–00; Marshal Intermediate, 1899–01; Invitation Committee, 1899–00; Final Junior Orator, 1900; Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1900–01; Assistant Business Manager of Kaleidoscope, 1900–01; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1900–01; President of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1900–01; Secretary of Class, First Term, 1901–02; Senior Intermediate Orator, 1902; Stage Director of Dramatic Club, 1902; Senior Orator's Medal, 1902; Glee Club; Chairman of Arrangement Committee, 1902.

Dennis Hamilton Willcox, *ΨΩ, Philanthropic,* . . . Petersburg, Va.

College Football Team; Class Football Team; Kaleidoscope Staff, 1900–01; Sophomore Scholarship; Historian of Class, 1901–02; Assistant Librarian, 1902.


McAllister
Martin
Moore
Pasco
Portner
Reidy
Stone
Wilcox

Quondam Members of Class of 1902

Averill, B. C.,	Beaumont, Tex.
Allen, Ed. A.,	Rocky Mount, Va.
Bowen, Sam. C.,	Knob, Va.
Cambell, W. C.,	Jackson, Miss.
Campbell, C. C., ΚΑ,	Roanoke, Va.
Fultz, Geo. S.,	Sangerville, Va.
Horsley, G. W.,	Lovington, Va.
Johnson, A. P., ΦΚΨ,	Christiansburg, Va.
Johnson, R. H.,	Petersburg, Va.
Pancake, J. C., ΒΘΠ,	Romney, W. Va.
Portner, P. V., ΦΓΔ,	Washington, D. C.
Pritchett, R. H., ΚΣ,	Danville, Va.
Pritchett, J. I., Jr., ΚΣ,	Danville, Va.
Townes, W. W., ΦΚΨ,	Petersburg, Va.
Watkins, Thomas, ΛΦ,	Watkins, Va.
Winfree, H. McC.,	Churchville, Va.
Winn, John P., ΦΚΨ,	Petersburg, Va.
Zea, Sam. M., ΛΦ,	Strasburg, Va.

The Story of the Senior Class



THE pleasant, but with sadness laden, duty of telling the story of the last year of our class has fallen to my undeserving lot. Pleasant, for what can be pleasanter than writing or telling of the deeds of our friends? Sad, because it *is* the last year that we will ever tread the campus of our Alma Mater as a portion of her student body. Soon our wonted places will be filled by another class that presses close upon our heels. We will be known here only by tradition, and our faces will linger no longer in the place in which they have been seen so long, unless, perchance, in the hall of memory our friends shall keep them ever near, as we shall theirs in all our wanderings through the by-ways of life. The guiding star of our lives here has not swept like a meteor with transient glare across the sky, but rather with ever increasing brightness, coming from under the horizon, it has now, in our Senior year, reached the summit of its brilliancy and resplendent in mid-heaven it lights our path to glory and success. As becoming and characteristic of our position as Seniors in all branches of college life we are leaders and rulers. On the field of athletics we are champions of rare skill and ability, whether on the gridiron or on the diamond we hold undisputed superority. In the world of literature our poets and prose writers have established a standard so high that but few of the lower classmen have the temerity to enter on that field which we have marked so distinctly as our own. But it would be unfair to tell of our deeds of greatness and not give honor to whom honor is due, deeds without doers would never have been done. Not all of us are athletes; nor all of us literatic; nor are all of us gifted for the stage. On the football field you will see Rudy, Cohn, Graham, Willcox, Moore, Anderson and Christian; in the spring you will find on the diamond Graham, Cohn, Henry and Allen; in the Dramatic Club you will recognize, despite wigs and mustachios, Stokes, Burroughs, Pasco and Fitzgerald; in literature many shine but I would mention Hill, McAllister and Stokes as the greater luminaries; worthy representatives of a worthy body. We are learned without condition, we are dignified without haughtiness, we are elegant without ostentation, we are rulers without tyranny; we are heroes without display. Such is our story, such is our character; the feelings with which we say farewell to the place which so long has befriended us are known only to ourselves; your feelings for us to you alone are known. As we leave the stage we bid you with a smile "Salve atque vale."

"For those grim halls of learning
Have seen our happy days."

THE HISTORIAN.

Junior Class

Officers

First Term.		Second Term.
Luther Sheldon	*President*	S. G. Christian.
S. G. Christian	*Vice-President*	W. T. Williams.
H. P. Jones	*Treasurer*	L. D. Johnston.
H. P. Jones	*Secretary*	W. F. Patton.
G. S. Harnesberger	*Historian*	G. S. Harnesberger.



Motto

"Virtute non Verbis."

Colors

Orange and Blue.

Yell

Chippe go-ree, go-ri, go-roo,
Ziprah, ziprah, orange and blue!
Hippero, hiro, hiscum hee!
Rah, rah, rah, rah!
Nineteen three.

Members

Simon Casablanca Akers, *Union*, ... Concord Depot, Va.
President of Class, First Term, 1899–00; Ministerial Scholarship; Track Team; Vice-President of Y. M. C. A., 1900–01; Manager of Y.M. C. A. Reading Room.

Stuart Grattan Christian, *ΨΨ*, ... Richmond, Va.
College Football Team; Class Football Team; Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1901–02; President of Class, Second Term, 1901–02; Dramatic Club; Baseball Team.

John Alfred Clarke, *Philanthropic*, ... Danville, Va.

Walter Fieldhouse Clarke, *Philanthropic*, ... Danville, Va.

Peter Wilkerson Hamlett, *Union*, ... Hampden-Sidney, Va.

George S. Harnesberger, *Philanthropic*, ... Shenandoah, Va.
Historian of Class, 1901–02.

Joseph Kincaid Irving, *ΨΨ*, ... Howardsville, Va.
Secretary of Class, First Term, 1900–01.

Wycliffe Cecil Jackson, *Philanthropic*, ... Dutch, Va.
Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901–02; Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A., Second Term, 1901–02; Junior Final Orator, 1901–02.

Lewis Dupuy Johnston, *ΦΓΔ*, *ΘΔΕ*, "Σ", "R. H. O. C. T.", *Union*, South Boston, Virginia.
Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901–02; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1901–02; College Baseball Team, 1900–01; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1900–01; Manager of Class Football Team, 1901–02; Track Team; Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1901–02.

Lemuel Roy Jones, *ΒΘΠ*, *Union*, ... Petersburg, Va.
Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1899–00; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1900–01; Annual Staff, 1901–02.

HORACE PALMER JONES, *ΦΔ, Philanthropic,* Cherriton, Va.

Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal 1900–01; Gymnasium Team; College Baseball Team; Secretary of Class, First Term, 1901–02; President of Athletic Association, 1901–02; Captain of Track Team, 1901–02; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1901–02; Dramatic Club; Class Football Team; Marshal Intermediate, 1901–02.

MAURICE BLAIR LANGHOME, *ΠΚΑ, Union,* Smithfield, Va.

Class Football Team, 1900–01–02; Class Baseball Team, 1900–01–02; Baseball Team.

WILLIAM SHARPE LEE, *Philanthropic,* Crewe, Va.

Freshman Declaimer's Medal, 1899–00; Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1900–01; Class Baseball Team; Class Football Team.

FRANK HURT MANN, *ΠΚΑ, Philanthropic,* Nottoway, Va.

President of Class, Second Term, 1900–01; Delegate to Southern Student Conference at Asheville, N. C., 1901; Vice-President of Y. M. C. A., 1901–02; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901–02; Assistant Instructor in Gymnasium, 1902; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff.

JOHN MARTIN, *ΠΚΑ, Union,* Richmond, Va.

Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1900–01.

WILLIAM FEARNE PATTON, JR., *ΚΣ, ΘΝΕ,* "R. H. O. C. T.", *Union,* Danville, Va.

Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1900–01; Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; Gymnasium Team; Track Team; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1901–02; Dramatic Club.

ROBERT SHEFFEY PRESTON, *ΦΚΨ,* "R. H. O. C. T.", *Union,* . Marion, Va.

Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1899–00; President of Class, First Term, 1900–01; College Baseball Team; Class Football Team; Delivered Sophomore Essayist's Medal, 1900–01; Intermediate and Final Marshal, 1900–01; College Football Team, 1901–02; Dramatic Club; Chairman of Intermediate Invitation Committee, 1901–02; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901–02; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff; Elected Manager of College Football Team for 1902.

BENJAMIN BRADFORD REYNOLDS, *Union,* . . Hampden-Sidney, Va.

Library
Hampden - Sydney College

Luther Sheldon, Jr., *KA., Union*. Norfolk, Va.
Class Football Team; President of Class, First Term, 1901-02; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1901–02; Kaleidoscope Staff.

William Edward West, *Philanthropic*. Evington, Va.

William Twyman Williams, *ΛΦ, Philanthropic*. . . . Woodstock, Va.
Magazine Medal, Junior Year; Final Marshal, 1900–01; Class Baseball Team; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1901–02; Mandolin and Glee Club.

James Houston Wolverton, *Philanthropic*. . . Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Class Football Team.

John Calvin Wolverton, *Philanthropic*. . . . Hampden-Sidney, Va.

Albert Ward Wood, *Philanthropic*. Moorefield, W. Va.
Sophomore Class Scholarship; Ministerial Scholarship.

A Triolet to Her Cigarette

She deftly rolled my cigarette,
Her fingers strangely fair,
Her dainty lips the paper wet
And 'twixt my lips she smiling set
What she had made; this coy coquette
Was not afraid to dare,
But deftly rolled my cigarette
With fingers wondrous fair.

21532

Junior Class History

BOSWELL wrote the biography of Samuel Johnson, but his was the history of one, while I have to record the history of many; he wrote of one long since dead, while this unfortunate chronicler has to record the deeds of the living, and face the attacks of any whom he may offend.

Most of us have trodden the thorny way for several years; others have entered as recruits to fill the places of those who have given up the race for knowledge and dropped from the ranks. Nevertheless we, as a Class, have always stood shoulder to shoulder in this great contest, the goal of which we are now so rapidly approaching.

We have long since left behind us Cicero, as he stands without peer in the realm of oratory; the scenes of Caesar in his Gallic War; and of Maro as he sings of one exiled from his native shore; Hannibal and his hatred for the Roman people, and we now repose at the feet of one whose eloquence is over and above all who have preceded him. We have also bidden adieu to the intricacies of Soph. math., that horrid monster that haunts the memory of every Soph., and the manifold constructions of the Greek syntax, as well as Psychology with its cutting distinctions between mind and matter, and finally we have mastered Chemistry, we have mixed molecule with atom, and have had our olfactory nerves thoroughly tested.

The Senior Orator once said, "Darkness bringeth out the stars;" so it is, for when our football team was overshadowed by a cloud on account of the Captain's injury, was it not from the Class of '03 that a captain was chosen who led them on to victory?

We have been more successful on the gridiron than on the diamond, which only goes to prove our firmness. Nevertheless, we have contributed to the baseball world some star players. What would the team have been without the lightning (lightning never strikes the same place but once) curves of "H. P."; without the sure batting of "Rooster;" and superb fielding of Bob Preston?

Come what may, we have been magnanimous in victory, philosophic in defeat, and remembering always "Labor omnia vincit," we have never succumbed to any difficulty.

To this point our course has been as a journey over the Alps—we rise upon one eminence only to find another before us, the ascent of which is even more difficult than the preceding, but now we have but one more to climb, and we shall stand at the goal, prepared for the great work which awaits each one. Methinks I can see each and all victorious, and that each, as he takes a retrospective glance at the assiduous but enjoyable days which he spent, surrounded by the elevating atmosphere of "the Hill," will exhort the men of the lower classes to so occupy their time that they may follow in our footsteps.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class



Motto

"Virtute et labore."

Colors

Orange and Black.

Yell

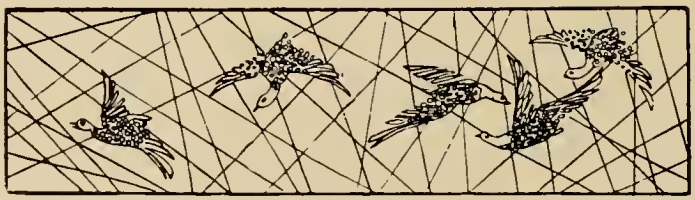
Hello-go-lunk, go-link, go-lee!
Razzle, dazzle, H. S. C.!
Hucklo, hucklo, ho, ho, ho!
Rah, rah, rah, rah! 1904!

Officers

First Term.	Second Term.
President	
A. F. Patton.	W. G. McCorkle.
Vice-President	
H. C. Thornton.	D. C. Collins.
Secretary and Treasurer	
Sam W. Budd,	R. F. Bernard.
Historian	
T. J. Harwell.	T. J. Harwell.

Members

Richard Feild Bernard,	Petersburg, Va.
Samuel Walthall Budd,	Petersburg, Va.
William Gladstone Butler,	Richmond, Va.
William McClure Carter,	Amelia Courthouse, Va.
Pleasant Linwood Clarke,	Crosby, Va.
DeWitt Clinton Collins,	Cincinnati, O.
Samuel Daley Craig,	Craigsville, Va.
Henry Read Edmunds,	Farmville, Va.
Robert Emmett Hamlett,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Thomas Jefferson Harwell,	Petersburg, Va.
Benjamin Mason Hill,	Petersburg, Va.
John Craddock Lawson,	South Boston, Va.
William Goshorn McCorkle,	Charleston, W. Va.
Albert Fuller Patton,	Danville, Va.
Abney Payne,	Charleston, W. Va.
John Calvin Siler,	Donvahawk, W. Va.
Colin Dunlop Spottswood,	Petersburg, Va.
Henry Crocheron Thornton,	New York, N. Y.
William Mynn Thornton, Jr.,	University of Virginia.



Sophomore Class History



ON the twentieth of last September the Sophomore Class assembled to elect officers for the first term. Upon calling the roll we found that our ranks had been somewhat thinned by the three months' vacation. Nevertheless, we took in some new members, who have proved themselves a credit to our class.

After the election of officers our attention was called to football, and now as we look back over the first part of the session, we see that '04 may justly congratulate herself in that respect; for she had four men on the first team. Our class team challenged several other teams, but all of them were afraid to try their chances. And moreover, '04 furnishes the captain, McCorkle, for next year's team, and he is worthy of the place.

After Christmas when we assembled to elect officers for the second term, we found that Easley was absent. We regretted very much to lose Easley, as he had passed over the rough path of last session and nearly half of this one with us.

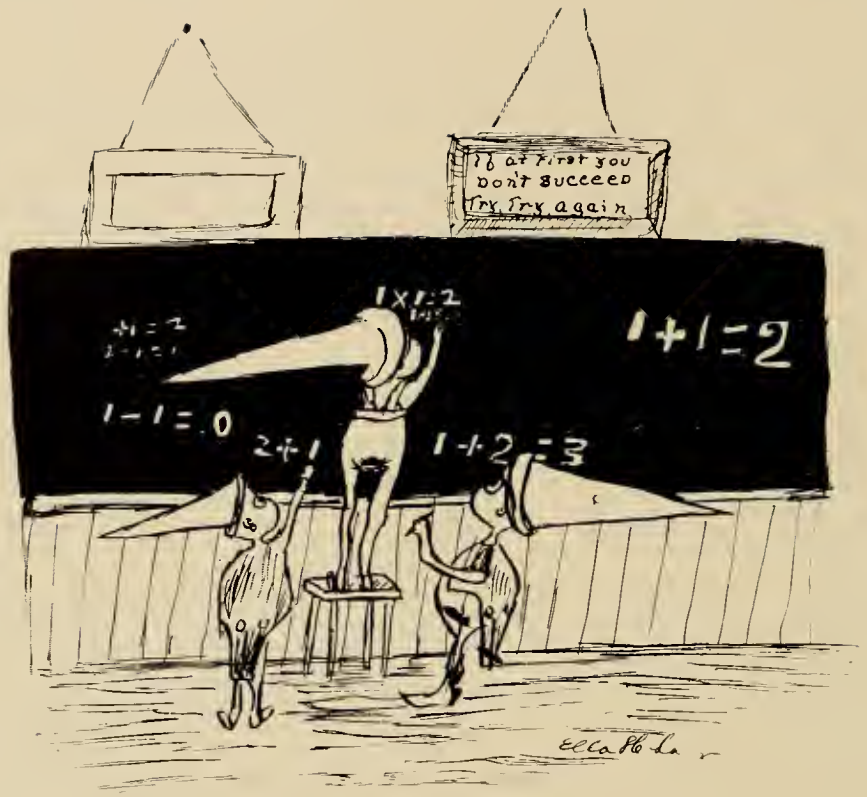
One of the many important things that our class has completed is Forensics. We have received many benefits from Forensics and much encouragement from our kind Professor, who tells us that the greatest of orators made errors in their first attempts.

Of the many illustrious men of our class there are a few whose names must be recorded in this history; so we shall put them down as we see them coming to chapel, when the old bell is ringing its tuneful songs: Ah! there comes Craig, with a memorandum in his hand; he is reminding the boys to pay their Missionary dues; next, "Lobster" comes, with a man on each side listening attentively to some lumbering joke that is falling from his lips; here comes Siler, the most ancient and the greatest theologian among our number; finally comes Payne, dressed in his best, with shoulders erect, and his rag-time walk, and an overcoat on his arm. Ah! he is going to Farmville. Oh, what effect his sweet smiles will have upon the maidens there! The historian is unable to say.

In baseball '04 has taken an active part. Long before the time for Class games '04 men could be seen practicing on the field under the management of Hill, who deserves credit for having his men in such fine condition.

We are now approaching the close of the session; in a few weeks we shall have our last examinations. Then we shall say farewell to Hampden-Sidney, and after a short vacation we shall reassemble prepared for the work of another session.

—HISTORIAN.



Freshman Class

Motto

"Nil Mortalibus arduum est."

Colors

Colors: Green and Homesick Blue.

Yell

Chink-te, Churley, Cha, Cha, Cha!
Rink-te, ruley, rah, rah, rah!
Chink-te, ho, ho, chink-te, cline!
Hurrah, hurrah! 1905!

Officers

First Term.		Second Term.
H. Mann,	*President*	C. L. Kinnier.
John Brooks,	*Vice-President*	U. H. Hannah.
C. L. Kinnier,	*Treasurer*,	N. W. Kuykendall.
T. J. Watkins,	*Secretary*,	Boyd Stevenson.
R. M. Price,	*Historian*,	R. M. Price.

Members

Boyce James Allmond,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Marcus Blakey Allmond, Jr.,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Frank Cleveland Bedinger,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Robert Dabney Bedinger,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
John Brooks,	Paducah, Ky.
Harry Dillman Crews,	Meadville, Va.
Rufus Parke Custis,	Eastville, Va.
Thomas West Ellett,	Richmond, Va.
Donald Fletcher,	Jenkins Bridge, Va.
Clement Nicholas Fontaine,	Wytheville, Va.
Joseph Alston Frazier,	Hazlehurst, Ga.
William Wesley Grover,	Richmond, Va.
Uriah Hevener Hannah,	Arborale, W. Va.
Thomas Lyttleton Hansberger,	Waynesboro, Va.
Francis Deane Irving,	Richmond, Va.
Joseph Kincaid Irving,	Druxillo, Va.
John Garland Jefferson, Jr.,	Amelia, Va.
William Richard Kay,	Charleston, W. Va.
Clarence Lee Kinnier,	Lynchburg, Va.
Nathaniel White Huykendall,	Moorfield, W. Va.
John Hart Lyle,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Hunter Mann,	Nottoway, Va.
Lucius Mahone Manry,	Courtland, Va.
Herbert Clifton Manry,	Courtland, Va.
George William Miller,	Rome, Ga.
William Wirt Moore,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Heber Jones Morton,	Keysville, Va.
Richard McSherry Price,	Charleston, W. Va.
Hampden Reynolds,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Thomas Algernon Reynolds,	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Boyd Stevenson,	Monterey, Va.
Thomas Jones Watkins,	Smithville, Va.
Henry Whiteside,	Keysville, Va.
Emerson Owen Whiteside,	Keysville, Va.
Horace Stokes Zernow,	Kirksville, Ky.

The Tale of the Little Freshmen

AS EVERY one knows there are but few fish in the brook into which the Historian of a Freshman Class has to cast his line. We cannot, however, afford to disregard the few little fellows altogether; for if we do we shall have to go without any fish. Still, in the hope that among them may be found some worth keeping, we shall exhibit the whole string, just as they were pulled from the stream. It is with some hesitation that the Historian of 1905 displays his string to the public, fearing that it may appear insignificant to a more experienced hand.

The first important event in our lives as Freshmen was our arrival. To say we were fresh would be putting it rather mildly. We are proud of the fact that we were—and to some extent still are—fresh. It is true that the upper classmen did not attempt to take the verdancy out of us, only because they were on a pledge not to haze; but we even think that they could not have succeeded had they tried. The entrance examinations being over with and having become settled, we, without having it announced in Chapel, held a meeting and proceeded to organize. We had hoped to be able to do this without the knowledge of the Sophs, but in this we were disappointed. It was here that they first attempted violence—and water. But all to no avail, for we withstood their attempts to break in the door and paid no attention to the water. We came out triumphant and expecting a battle, but again we were doomed to disappointment (?) for none was offered.

We next turned our attention to football and imagine our delight when we found that we were to have two men, Hansberger and Stevenson, on the College team. Several of our men played on the "Scrubs" and we had hopes of defeating the Sophs in the class games, but as they did not organize a team neither did we. At the approach of the Christmas examinations we settled down and studied hard for about two weeks and by so doing succeeded in getting through most of them. Upon our return, after the holidays, we resolved, as a New Year's resolution, to study steadily; but after doing so for about a week we decided that we never did believe in New Year's resolutions anyhow, and thereupon we quit. We were on hand in all our glory at Intermediate and we must say that we enjoyed ourselves immensely. We were represented on the Gym. team and in the Dramatic Club and we hope to furnish at least one member of the baseball team.



I shall not, as is usual here, give a glowing account of the fact that we shall soon become Sophomores. We should much rather remain Freshmen, but as we cannot do this we shall yield to the inevitable and before long occupy the place that the present Sophs now fill. But if we cannot remain Freshmen we can, at least, remain members of the Class of 1905.

—HISTORIAN.

A Ballade of Yesterday

Where are the dreams of yesterday
 The visions that shall come no more?
The hope of fame and pleasure gay
 And wealth that such as misers store?
While shadows play on wall and floor,
 And while the meerschaums gleam and glow,—
Come let us drink to days of yore—
 To dreams and hopes of long ago.

All great resolves have fled away
 With vows which once to keep we swore—
The part in life we meant to play,
 The garlands that we never wore—
The burdens that we never bore—
 But while these mem'ries ebb and flow
We'll drink as we have drunk before
 To dreams and hopes of long ago.

Where are the ones who whispered yea—
 Those angels that we did adore?—
To whom we sung at times the lay
 That lovers use when they implore—
They too have gone to that dim shore
 With all our dreams—they do not know
That here we drink with heads grown hoar
 To dreams and hopes of long ago.

L'Envoi.

Comrade we stand within the door.
 'Twixt life and death—we drink this to
Those who are now heartsick and sore
 Our dreams and hopes of long ago.

Fratris Manus

The brother's hand that oft has pressed
Your own in joy, or when distressed,
Has forged a bond that changing Time
Can render only more sublime,
And its full worth attest.

In days to come we'll oft arrest
The flow of years that cares infest,
And long to feel mid their dull chime,
 The brother's hand.

Fond thoughts once more shall fill each breast
With hours by sweet communion blest,
And memories fragrant like the thyme,
Or sea-winds from the groves of lime,
Shall come, and silently suggest
 The brother's hand.

FRATERNITIES





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BY THE BETA THETA PI
FRATERNITY

Beta Theta Pi

Founded at Miami University in 1839.

Colors

Pink and Blue.

Zeta Chapter

Established 1849

Fratres in Facultate

RICHARD MCILWAINE, D.D., LL.D., ... *President.*
WALTER BLAIR, A.M., D.L., ... *Emeritus.*
H. R. MCILWAINE, Ph.D.

Fratre in Urbe

W. M. HOLLADAY, M.D.

Fratres in Collego

RICHARD HANSFORD BURROUGHS,
EDWARD HERRMAN COHN,
ROBERT SPOTTS GRAHAM,
ROBERT EVELYN HENRY,
BOYD STEPHENSON,
STEWART LEIGH MAGEE,
LEMUEL ROY JONES,
SAMUEL WALTHALL BUDD,
RICHARD FIELD BERNARD.

Active chapters 65. Alumni chapters 35.


John
Graham
Henry
Bernard

Chi Phi

Founded at Princeton in 1824.

Colors

Scarlet and Blue.

Epsilon Chapter

Fratres in Collegio

George Blanton Allen	'02	Joseph Kincaid Irving, Jr.	'03
James Fletcher Epes, Jr.	'02	William Twyman Williams, Jr.	'03
Cabell Flournoy Fitzgerald	'02	William Gladstone Butler	'04
Pierre Bernard Hill	'02	William Goshorn McCorkle	'04
Lyttleton Edmunds Hubard	'02	Abney Payne	'04
James Denham Pasco	'02	Henry Crocheron Thornton	'04
Dennis Hamilton Willcox	'02	William Mynn Thornton	'04
Stuart Grattan Christian	'03	Thomas West Ellett	'05
Richard Addison Gilliam	'03	Frank Dean Irving	'05
		Richard McSherrey Price	'05

Fratres in Urbe

Edgar Wirt Venable,
Thomas Dupuy Gilliam.


IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

Sigma Chi

Founded at Miami University in 1855.

Sigma Sigma Chapter

Established, 1872

Colors
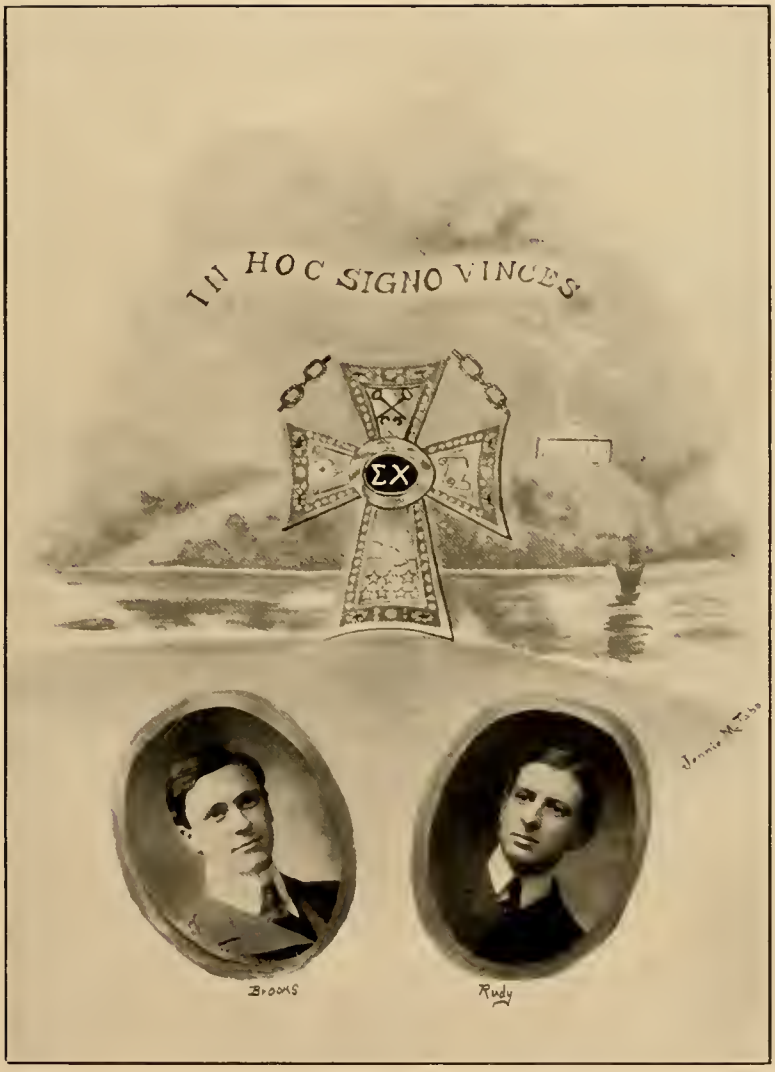
Blue and Gold.

Official Organ: "*Quarterly.*" Secret Organ: "*Bulletin.*"

Fratres in Collegio

J. H. Rudy, John Brooks.

Active Chapters, Fifty. Alumni Chapters, Twelve.
Grand Convention held in Buffalo, July, 1901.


IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
ΣX
Broms
Rudy


Α.Ε.Κ.Α.Β
ΚΣ
1400
1857
ΚΣ
BONONIA
DOCET
ΟΗΕΘ ΕΙΟΑΗ
Σοφια
ΡΗΜΑΤΑ
ΚΑΙ
ΔΥΝΑΜΙΣ
ΚΡΙΤΕΡΙΑ
ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ
ΔΙΚΗ
ΠΙΣΤΟΤΗΣ

Upsilon of Kappa Sigma

Founded at University of Virginia in 1865.

Established 1883.

Colors

Old Gold, Maroon and Peacock Blue.

Fratres in Collegio

Richard Cralle Stokes,

Albert Fuller Patton,

William Fearne Patton,

Benjamin Mason Hill,

Clarence Lee Kinnier.

Active Chapters, Fifty-four; Alumni Chapters, Thirteen.


ΠΚΑ
Φ. Φ. Κ. Λ.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Founded at University of Virginia, 1868.

Colors

Garnet and Old Gold.

Iota Chapter

Established, 1885.

Fratres in Collegio

William Read Martin,
Maurice Blair Langhorne,
Frank Hurt Mann,
William Elliott Jones,
Hugh Maffitt McAllister,
John Martin,
Hunter Mann,
Robert Henning Webb,
Thomas Jones Watkins.

Fratres in Facultate

John I. Armstrong.


K . A .
EXCELSIOR
1865

Kappa Alpha

Southern Order

Founded at Washington College (Washington and Lee University) in 1865.

Flowers

Magnolia and Red Rose.

Colors

Crimson and Old Gold.

Official Organ	Secret Organ
Kappa Alpha Journal.	*Special Messenger.*

Fratres in Collegio

Luther Sheldon,

Horace Palmer Jones,

Hardy Cross,

Thomas Baldwin Sheldon.

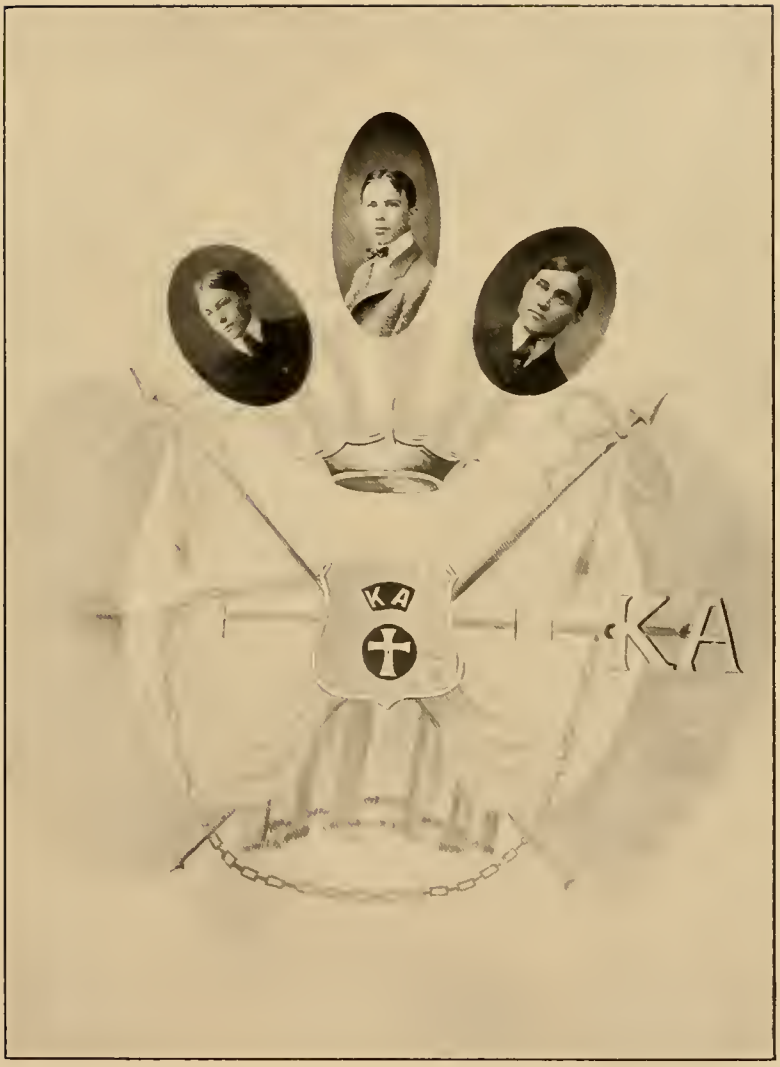
Fratres in Urbe

E. Scott Martin, R. H. Paulett.

Active Chapters, Forty-one; Alumni Chapters Twenty-one.

Twenty-fifth Annual Convention held at Richmond, Va., June, 1901.

Delegates, H. P. Jones and Luther Sheldon.


KA
KA

A Short History of the Fraternities



ONE of the most delightful phases of modern college life is the fraternity feature. And especially is this true of college life at Hampden-Sidney, where fraternities have flourished for fifty-three years. By reason of their long and splendid past, fraternities are deeply set in the student life—so deeply set that without fraternities the old college would no longer seem the same. And we are glad it is this way, for when fond memory brings the light of college days around us, it is the scenes and friendships of our fraternity life that remain brightest and freshest in our memories.

Fraternities have existed at Hampden-Sidney since 1849, when the Beta Theta Pi established a chapter there. Being for several years the only fraternity in college, it had the pick of all the students, and consequently the very choice men of the college were members of this fraternity at that time. It has enjoyed a continuous life down to this day, and since its birth has initiated 213 men, a yearly average of 4.09. It was not long, however, to have full sweep, for six years later, in the fall of 1855, the Gamma Chapter of Phi Kappa Psi was organized, and soon became a strong rival of Beta Theta Pi, as is abundantly evidenced by the number and strength of its initiates. This fraternity, which (we reluctantly record) became extinct at Hampden-Sidney in 1900, received in its life-time 182 members, that is, about 4.04 men every year.

These two societies were for twelve years the only fraternities at the college, and were great rivals, dividing honors about equally. But other fraternities, seeing that Hampden-Sidney was in many respects a desirable place for the location of chapters, kept their eyes open, and seized the first opportunity to come in. And, consequently during the next five years, three more fraternities were added to the roll. In 1867 the Epsilon Chapter of the Southern Order of Chi Psi was organized. It is still vigorously alive, and is one of the four surviving chapters of the old Southern Order, which in 1873 was absorbed in the Chi Phi Fraternity along with the Princeton and the Hobart Orders. It has welcomed 182 men in the mystic portals, averaging 5.4 each year, the best record made at Hampden-Sidney. In 1870 Phi Gamma Delta established a chapter at the college. It has had an annual average of 4.25, having received 132 men since its foundation. Two years later, in 1872, Sigma Chi followed. This fraternity was inactive at Hampden-Sidney for several years, but was revived, and has initiated 123, an average of 4.24 every year.

For eleven years these five fraternities held the field. It was thought that Hampden-Sidney, being a small college, the yearly attendance averaging about 100, could

not well sustain any more fraternities, and, consequently, at this time there was strong opposition to the introduction of new fraternities.

In 1883, however, the Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Sigma was established. Since its birth it has initiated 84 men, a yearly average of 4.66.

Two years later, in 1885, Pi Kappa Alpha came in. It has enjoyed a good life, having had 74 alumni, an average every year of 4.62. Of the 74 Alumni, 37 have been graduated, and of the 37 graduated, 20 were honor men, one receiving the highest mark made for fifteen years. In sixteen years the Pi Kappa Alpha have won twenty-three college medals. Twenty-seven are Presbyterian ministers.

In 1890, two other fraternities were organized. Alpha Tau Omega, which became extinct at Hampden-Sidney in 1894, and Phi Theta Psi, which also became extinct upon the demise of the general fraternity in 1896. It has been impossible to get any information about these fraternities.

In previous years, some time at least before 1890, Sigma Alpha and Phi Alpha Chi existed at the college, but with the demise of their fraternities, the Hampden-Sidney chapters became extinct. No record can be found of these societies.

Because of the animosities arising among the different fraternities, each fraternity (in the spring of 1893) appointed two men to serve as representatives in a council to be called "The Pan-Hellenic Council," whose object was to promote a healthy spirit of rivalry among the different societies and to superintend all inter-fraternity events. The Council came to an end in the fall of 1895.

Sometime during the college year 1894-95, the Theta Nu Epsilon was organized. Its members have been drawn from the other fraternities, and in one case, if our memory is correct, from the non-fraternity men.

The youngest chapter at the college is the Alpha-Tau of Kappa Alpha of the Southern Order. Since its organization in 1899, it has initiated nine men, a yearly average of 4.5.

By actual count from the records preserved in the archives of the societies, 999 men have been initiated by the fraternities at Hampden-Sidney. But this does not include all. If we had the complete records, the number would run up to 1050, or perhaps 1100. Of this number have been some of the most prominent Alumni of the College. In looking over a list of the more distinguished alumni we were impressed by the fact that nearly all of them were fraternity men.

Life

I sat one day at evening
Gazing into the sky,
Watching the clouds in shadowy shrouds
Go swiftly sailing by.
The scene was ever changing
Over this sea of blue,
Crimson and gold then murkier mold
In turn came into view.

So sit we in life's evening
Watching the fading sky,
While memory clouds in shadowy shrouds
Go swiftly sailing by.
From youth to age they're blending
Soft to a soberer hue,
Crimson and gold then murkier mold
In turn come into view.


CLUBS
AND
ORGANISATIONS

Theta Nu Epsilon

Beta Beta Chapter

Founded at Ohio Wesleyan, 1870



Richard Cralle Stokes,
William Read Martin,
William Fearn Patton, Jr.,
Richard Pegram Boykin,
Lewis Dupuy Johnston.

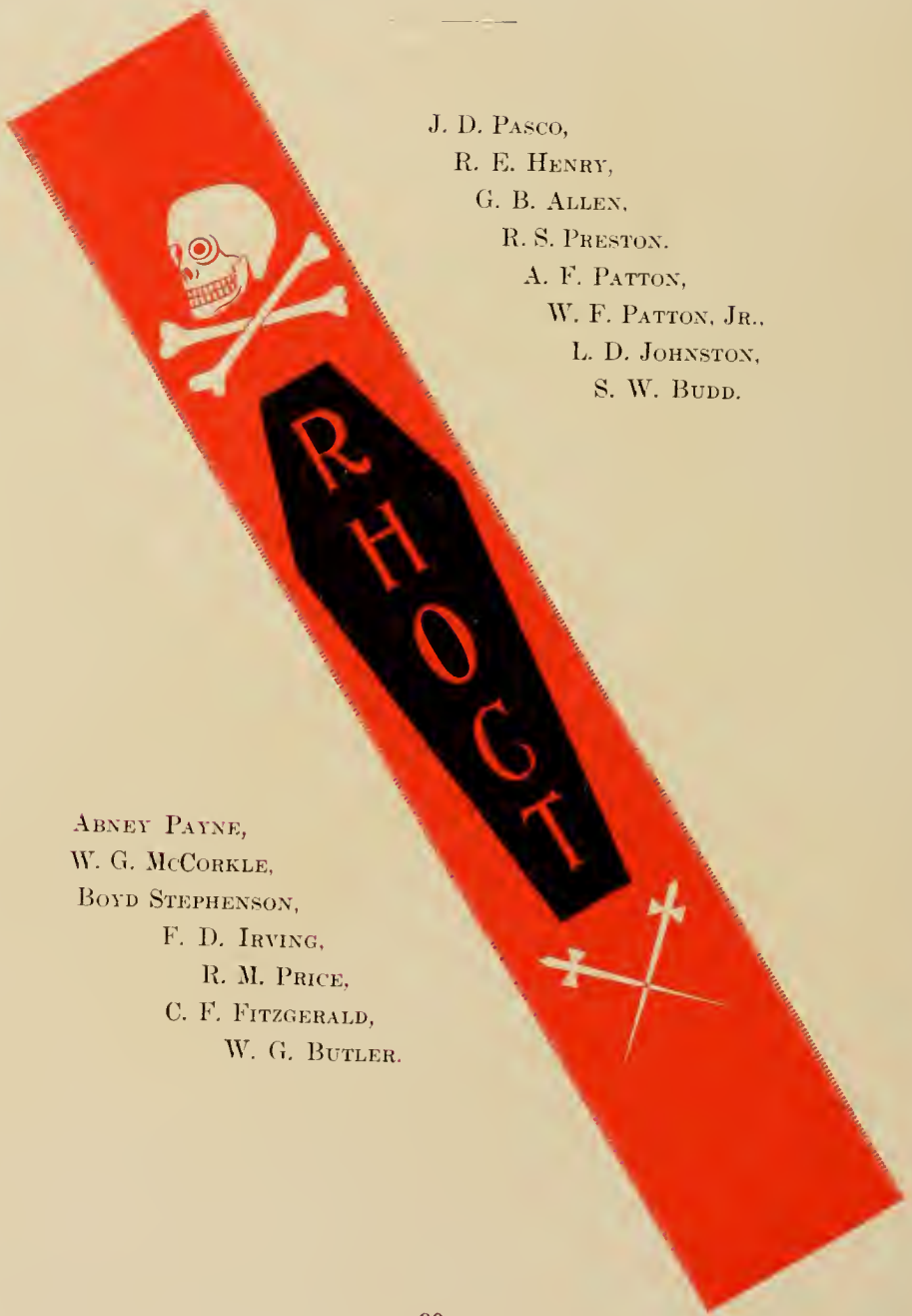
Goats

m. K Æ :: Z I $K ! !
() L V S X 1 = E M.
S j h :: G J x z y % M O



R. H. O. C. T.

J. D. Pasco,
R. E. Henry,
G. B. Allen,
R. S. Preston.
A. F. Patton,
W. F. Patton, Jr.,
L. D. Johnston,
S. W. Budd.



Abney Payne,
W. G. McCorkle,
Boyd Stephenson,
F. D. Irving,
R. M. Price,
C. F. Fitzgerald,
W. G. Butler.



William Elliott Jones,
Robert Evelyn Henry,
James Denham Pasco,
James Henry Rudy,
Robert Spotts Graham,
William Read Martin,
Lewis Dupuy Johnston.

Robert Sheffey Preston,
Maurice Blair Langhorne,
Stuart Gratton Christian,
Richard Field Bernard,
Albert Fuller Patton,
William Goshorn MacCorkle.

Carrington Club

Motto

Oportet vivere ut edas,
non esse ut vivas.

Club Members

"Lord" Cohn,

"Tommy" Stokes,

"Bob" Graham,

"Bob" Webb,

"Count" Jones,

"Mac" McAllister,

"Bob" Henry,

"Bob" Preston,

"Jimmy" Pasco,

"Hec" Magee,

"Squire" Harnsberger,

"Maurice" Langhorne,

"Billy" Martin,

"Johnnie" Martin,

"Frank" Mann,

"Hunter" Mann,

"Chris" Christian,

"Kid" Frazer.



Lacy House

Motto

"Chacun a son gout."

Club Members

S. D. Craig,

J. F. Epes,

J. A. Clarke,

D. Fletcher,

W. D. Clarke,

Mark Hannah,

W. Kay,

S. W. Lee,

T. J. Watkins,

H. J. Morton.





Reynold's Ranch

Motto

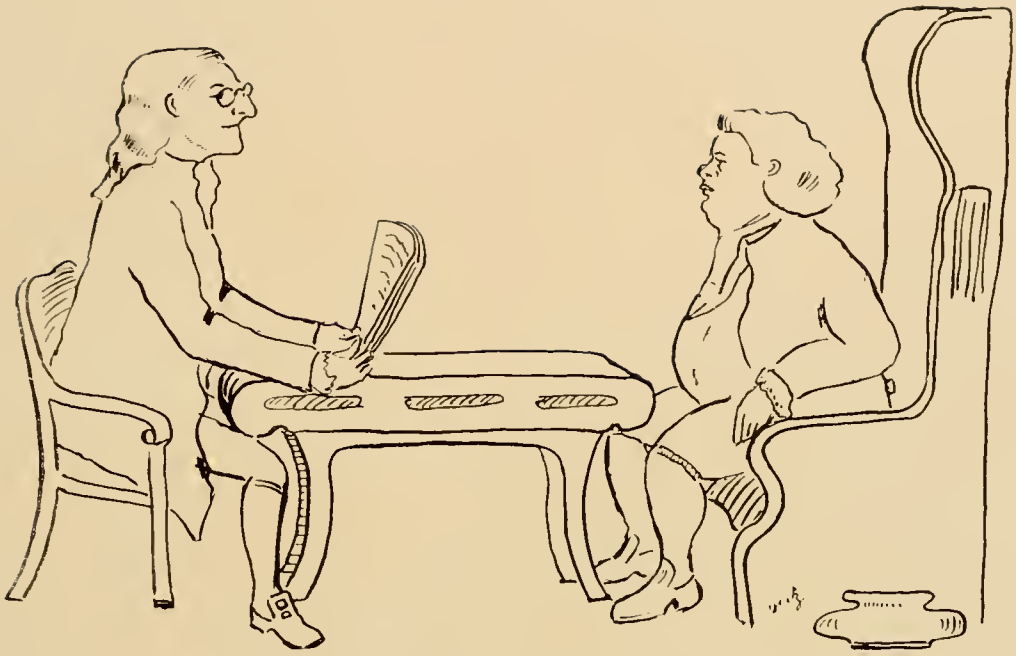
Dum vivimus, edamus.

Yell

Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rah, Rah, Ree!
Reynold's Ranch, Reynold's Ranch!
H.-S.-C.

Members

"Lem" Jones,
"Sam" Budd,
"Dick" Bernard,
"Bradley" Reynolds,
"Monty" Kinnier,
"Mason" Hill,
"Fuller" Patton,
"Finn" Patton,
"Jimmy" Reynolds,
"Tommie" Reynolds.



Tabb's Tavern

Club Members

"Cap" Rudy,

"Wally" Burroughs,

"Tabb" Willcox,

"Parson" Hill,

"Sammy" Collins,

"J. K." Irving,

"Abe" Payne,

"Johnnie" Brooks,

"Lyt" Hubard,

"Col." Allen,

"Buid" Stephenson,

"Curry" Winston,

"Major" Morton,

"Pelz" Williams,

"Spots" Spottswood.

Venable's Cafe



Club Members

"Billy" McCorkle,

"Nip" Fitzgerald,

"Tom" Ellett,

"Laurence" Daniel,

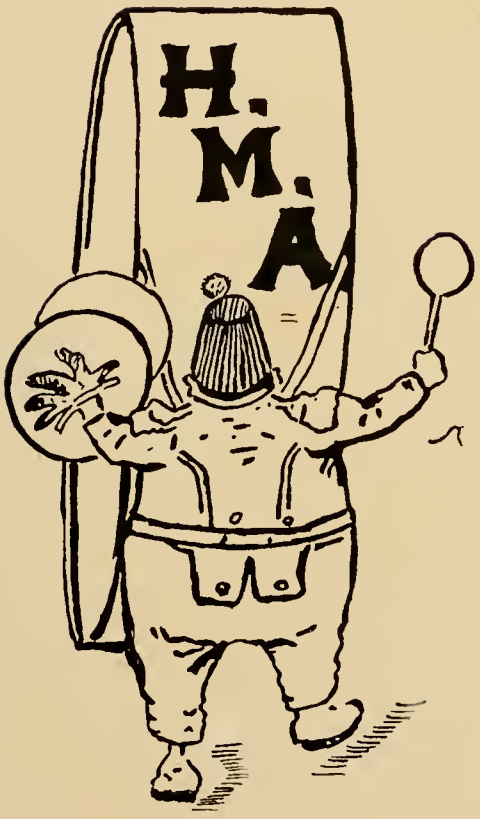
"W. E." Jones,

"Paul" Edmonds,

"Kid" Miller,

"Ried" Edmunds.

Hoge Academy Club



Yell

Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,—Hoge!

S. L. Magee, . . *Commandant.*
R. C. Stokes, . . *Captain.*
W. S. Lee, . . *Corporal.*

High Privates

F. H. Mann,
Hunter Mann,
W. S. Lee,
G. S. Harnsberger,
W. C. Jackson,
S. L. Magee,
J. F. Epes,
R. C. Stokes,
F. S. Anderson,
H. J. Morton,
W. Kay.


Weller



German Club

W. G. McCorkle, ... *President.*
J. C. Lawson, ... *Vice-President.*
A. F. Patton, ... *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Executive Committee

R. H. Burroughs, R. C. Stokes, W. G. Butler.

Members

S. L. Magee,
R. E. Henry,
W. G. McCorkle,
R. C. Stokes,
W. G. Butler,
R. H. Burroughs,
G. B. Allen,
L. R. Jones,
J. D. Pasco,
H. P. Jones,
L. E. Hubard,
J. H. Rudy,
R. F. Bernard,
W. T. Williams,
T. W. Ellett,
H. M. McAllister,
S. Collins,
S. W. Budd,
B. Stephenson,
C. D. Spottswood,
S. G. Christian,
D. H. Willcox,
W. M. Thornton,
R. S. Preston,
W. Kay,
J. K. Irving,
C. L. Kinnier,
R. M. Price,
B. M. Hill,
L. Sheldon,
C. F. Fitzgerald,
A. A. Payne,
J. Brooks,
H. C. Thornton,



R. F. Bernard, ... *President.*

R. H. Burroughs, ... *Chief Gunner.*

S. G. Christian, ... *Keeper of the Hounds.*

Gunners

P. B. Hill,
R. H. Burroughs,
S. W. Budd,
A. F. Patton,
W. F. Patton,
S. D. Craig,
H. J. Morton,
R. S. Graham,
J. C. Lawson,
W. G. McCorkle,
J. K. Irving,
F. D. Irving,
S. G. Christian,
F. W. Ellett,
R. M. Price,
W. M. Thornton,
R. S. Preston,
R. E. Henry,
W. Kay,
D. S. Collins,
A. Payne,
B. Stephenson,
L. Hansberger,
L. Sheldon,
G. B. Allen,
T. J. Watkins,
E. H Cohn.
J. D. Pasco,
W. M. Carter,
B. M. Hill,
G. W. Miller,
D. Fletcher,
W. G. Butler,
J. A. Christian,
M. Langhorne,
J. G. Frazer,
J. F. Epes,
M. Hanna,
L. M. Manry,
C. V. Fontaine,



Golf Club

R. S. Graham, . . *President.*
M. B. Langhorne, . . *Vice-President.*
R. H. Webb, . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*

R. F. Bernard,
R. S. Preston,
R. S. Graham,
R. E. Henry,
A. F. Patton,
B. M. Hill,
W. F. Patton,
J. C. Lawson,
L. D. Johnston,
G. B. Allen,
A. Payne,
J. F. Epes,
R. H. Webb,
S. G. Christian,
B. Stephenson,
T. J. Watkins,
W. G. Miller,
M. Hannah,
R. M. Price,
M. B. Langhorne,
F. H. Mann,
H. Mann,
J. Martin,
J. K. Irving,
W. R. Martin,
H. C. Thornton,
J. A. Frazer.

J. C. Lawson, ... Chief Caddy.
R. M. Price. Keeper of the Clubs.

Skating Club

R. S. Preston, ... *President.*
S. G. Christian, ... *Vice-President.*
M. B. Langhorne, ... *Secretary and Treasurer.*



J. H. Rudy,
Jno. Brooks,
D. H. Willcox,
H. M. McAllister,
W. G. McCorkle,
J. D. Pasco,
M. B. Langhorne,

Members

T.W. Ellett,
L. Sheldon,
R. H. Burroughs,
R. S. Preston,
S. L. Magee,
L. R. Jones,
S. W. Budd,
C. L. Kinnier,
A. F. Patton,
R. F. Bernard,
B. M. Hill,
G. W. Miller,
W. R. Martin,
C. D. Spottswood,
S. G. Christian,
J. C. Lawson,
R. P. Custis,
L. M. Manry,
T. J. Watkins,
C. F. Fitzgerald,
J. F. Epes,
A. Fletcher,
N. W. Kuykendall,
W. C. Jackson,
P. G. Edmunds,
W. E. Jones,
R. S. Graham,
L. D. Johnston,
H. J. Lyle,
H. C. Thornton,
W. M. Thornton,
H. C. Wolverton,
J. C. Wolverton,
John Martin,
W. S. Lee,
B. B. Reynolds.



First Passage Club

Yell

Rah, Rah, First!
Rah, rah, Passage!
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, First Passage!

Motto

"Bring forth the royal bumper and let him be bumped."

Colors

Black and Blue.

Members

R. S. Graham,
R. E. Henry,
J. C. Lawson,
L. D. Johnston,
R. H. Burroughs,
B. M. Hill,
S. L. Magee,

A. F. Patton,
W. F. Patton,
C. D. Spottswood,
W. Kay,
R. S. Preston,
P. L. Clark,
L. R. Jones,
B. Stephenson.

C. L. Kinnier,
H. P. Jones,
E. H. Cohn,
S. W. Budd,
R. F. Bernard,
C. V. Fontaine,
T. O. Easley.

Honorary Member, ... "Bott Evans."



Fourth Passage Club

Yell

Eat 'em up!
Do 'em up!
Chew 'em up fine!
Fourth Passage, Fourth Passage!
Nit, resign!

Motto

Look Out Below!!

H. Mann,
J. L. Daniel,
F. H. Mann,
R. Edmunds,
T. W. Ellett,
C. F. Fitzgerald.

Flower

"Lilium Vallis."

J. H. Rudy,
Jno. Brooks,
G. B. Allen,
A. A. Payne,
D. H. Willcox,
P. B. Hill,
W. T. Williams.
S. G. Christian, "Sub Rosa."

Colors

Pea-green.

H. M. McAllister,
R. H. Webb,
W. E. Jones,
L. E. Hubard,
W. G. Butler,
J. F. Epes.

Hark now the bell! The curtain falls;
Scenes swiftly move in endless throng.

Dream-like wee snatches of the song
Rise high, and softly Echo calls
Among the crannies of the walls.
Masks, robes and all must move along,
And praises fall for right—the wrong,
The cue forgot, light mirth forestalls.
In simple farce each member played,
Charged with some fancied personage,

Content his simple part to act.
Life's drama grave soon must protract;
Unmasked of guile let's tread the stage,
Brave, honest, faithful, undismayed.



Dramatic Club

Richard Cralle Stokes, ... Stage Director.
James Denham Pasco, ... Business Manager.

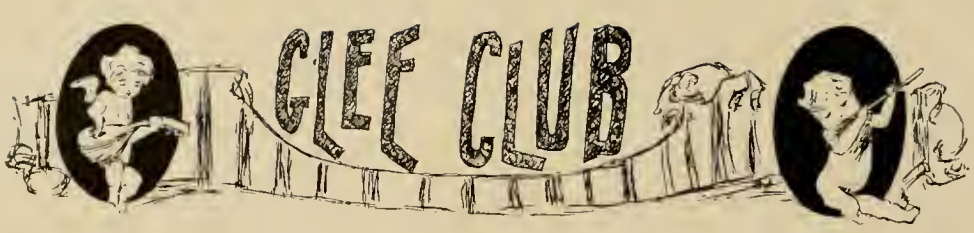
Members

Edward Herrman Cohn,
Robert Evelyn Henry,
Richard Field Bernard,
Robert Sheffey Preston,
Albert Fuller Patton,
William Fearn Patton,
Horace Palmer Jones,
William M. Thornton, Jr.,
Carell F. Fitzgerald,
Richard Cralle Stokes,
James Denham Pasco,
Stuart G. Christian,
John Brooks,
Abney Payne.

Abney Payne, *Musical Director.*



A. F. Patton Brooks | Christian Pasco | Bernard (Bus. Mgr.) | Thornton Payne | Cohn Jones | Preston Fitzgerald | Patton, W. F. | Henry Stokes (Director.)



P. Bernard Hill, First Mandolin, (Leader.) J. H. Rudy, First Mandolin.

Abney Payne, Second Mandolin.

Robert Evelyn Henry, Guitar.

George Blanton Allen, Guitar.

W. Twyman Williams, Guitar.

Albert Fuller Patton,	First Tenor.
John Brooks,	Second Tenor.
Robert Sheffey Preston,	Second Tenor.
Richard Field Bernard,	First Bass.
Edward Herrman Cohn,	Second Bass.
Richard Cralle Stokes,	Second Bass.

James Henry Rudy, Manager.



Williams Bernard Cohn Patton Henry Preston Stokes
Brooks Allen Hill, (Leader) Payne Rudy

Ad Athletas Nostros

While strolling I chanced on a wonderful glass
In which was reflected the glorious past.
I saw troops of athletes 'neath emblems of gold,
And strong-bodied men, gladiators of old;
Then fleet-footed runners, and bold charioteers.
With the din of the contests rolled down the long years.

O glorious days! when men sought but renown,
When hearts deemed as dearest Olympiad's crown,
In all of thy victors no nobler I've seen,
Nor braver in heart, nor in action, I ween,
Than the dust-covered heroes our champions bold,
Who in modern arenas, brave danger and cold.

Then hail bravest heroes! Our nation's best wealth!
Our hearts are turned toward thee—a pledge to thy health,
The shouts of our people like anthems of praise
Shall follow you, men of these glorious days.
May you live on forever! Hill and vale catch the cry,
And echo ' forever ' and ' ever ' on high.


ATHLETICS
SPORTS



College Football Team

James Henry Rudy, ...	*Captain.*
Robert Evelyn Henry, ...	*Manager.*
E. S. Martin, ...	*Coach.*

Members

J. H. Rudy, Left End,
B. Stevenson, Right End,
S. T. Christian, Right End,
R. A. Gilliam, Left Tackle,
E. H. Cohn, Right Tackle,
R. S. Graham, Left Halfback,
H. P. Jones, Right Halfback,
A. Payne, Left Guard,
L. Hansberger, Right Guard,
R. F. Bernard, Centre,
D. H. Willcox, Quarter Back,
W. G. McCorkle, Full Back,
W. E. Jones, Right Halfback,
W. M. Carter, Right Guard.

Substitutes

Bedinger, Anderson, Patton, A. F., Moore, Preston, Christian, J. A.



Henry, (Mgr.) Preston Patton Moore Rudy, (Capt.) McCorkle Martin, Coach
Carter Cohn Jones Gilliam Bedinger Anderson Christian, J. A.
Christian, S. G. Hansberger Willcox Graham Jones
Bernard Payne Stephenson



Senior Class Football Team

College Champions

James Henry Rudy,	*Captain.*
Robert Evelyn Henry,	*Manager.*
Houston B. Moore,	Centre.
P. Bernard Hill,	Right Guard.
Allen J. Christian,	Left Guard.
F. S. Anderson,	Right Tackle.
James F. Epes,	Left Tackle.
D. Hamilton Willcox,	Right End.
James H. Rudy,	Left End.
Cabell F. Fitzgerald,	Quarter Back.
Richard H. Burroughs,	Right Halfback.
Robert Spotts Graham,	Left Halfback.
Edward Herrman Cohn,	Fullback.



Henry, (Mgr.) Anderson Willcox Moore Burroughs
Fitzgerald Rudy, (Capt.) Hill
Cohn Graham Christian Epes



College Baseball Team

W. E. Jones, ... *Manager.*
R. S. Graham, ... *Captain.*

F. D. Irving, First Base.
R. S. Graham, Second Base.
M. B. Langhorne, Third Base.
W. G. McCorkle, Short Stop.
S. G. Christian, Left Field.
R. S. Preston, Centre Field.
E. H. Cohn, Right Field.
G. B. Allen, Catcher.
H. P. Jones, Pitcher.

Substitutes

In Field.

R. H. Burroughs.
L. Hansberger.

Out Field.

A. F. Patton,
N. W. Kuykendall.



W. E. Jones, Mgr.

McCorkle, Christian, Allen — Cohn, Graham, Capt., H. P. Jones — Hansberger, Preston, Irving — Patton, Langhorne — Burroughs, Knykendall



Senior Class Baseball Team

College Champions

R. S. Graham, ... *Captain.*
J. D. Pasco, ... *Manager.*

G. B. Allen, ... Catcher.
R. S. Graham, ... Pitcher.
R. E. Henry, ... First Base.
C. F. Fitzgerald, ... Second Base,
J. H. Rudy, ... Short stop,
R. H. Burroughs, ... Third Base.

Out Fielders.

E. H. Cohn, S. L. Magee, P. B. Hill,
P. G. Edmunds, J. L. Daniel.



Pasco, Mgr. Edmunds Magee Daniel Rudy Cohn
Fitzgerald Hill Allen Graham, Capt. Henry Burroughs

Gymnasium Team

Officers

Paul G. Edmunds.	*Director.*
Frank H. Mann.	*Assistant.*

Team

P. G. Edmunds,
F. H. Mann,
H. P. Jones,
R. F. Bernard,
H. C. Manry,
H. Mann,
J. H. Rudy,
R. S. Graham,
John Brooks,
L. Hansberger,
R. P. Custis,
W. J. Patton.



Edmunds, Capt. Bernard Manry Custis Jones Hansberger Patton Rudy Graham H. Mann Brooks F. Mann

Track Team

Abney Payne, ... *Manager.*
H. P. Jones, ... *Captain.*

Team

Runners

R. S. Graham,	H. P. Jones,	A. A. Payne,
B. Stephenson,	R. H. Burroughs,	J. Brooks,
J. H. Rudy,	R. S. Preston,	S. G. Christian.

Hurdlers

H. P. Jones,	R. S. Graham,	J. H. Rudy,
C. Fitzgerald,	R. M. Price,	W. T. Patton,
R. H. Burroughs,	R. P. Custis,	A. A. Payne.

Broad Jump

J. H. Rudy,	W. F. Patton,	R. S. Preston,
R. S. Graham,	S. G. Christian,	T. J. Watkins,
M. Hannah,	B. Stephenson,	J. Brooks.

High Jump

H. P. Jones,	J. H. Rudy,	R. S. Graham,
W. F. Patton,	H. J. Morton,	R. H. Burroughs,
C. Fitzgerald,	R. P. Custis,	A. A. Payne.

Putting the Shot

L. Hansberger,	J. A. Christian,	J. H. Rudy,
E. H. Cohn,	S. G. Christian,	A. A. Payne,
H. P. Jones,	M. Hannah,	R. H. Burroughs.

Throwing the Hammer

E. H. Cohn,	L. Hansberger,	J. H. Rudy,
J. A. Christian,	Abney Payne,	S. G. Christian,
R. H. Burroughs,	R. S. Graham,	B. Stephenson.

Tennis Club

W. E. Jones,	*President.*
J. H. Rudy,	*Vice-President.*
S. L. Magee,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*

Members

W. E. Jones,
S. L. Magee,
J. H. Rudy,
R. M. Price,
R. S. Graham,
T. W. Ellett,
H. P. Jones,
R. S. Preston,
A. F. Patton,
R. E. Henry,
W. R. Martin,
J. L. Daniel,
L. Sheldon,
H. M. McAllister
S. G. Christian.



McAllister Daniel Sheldon Patton Christian Ellett Rudy Price
Henry Martin Preston Jones, H. P. Graham Magee Jones, W. E.



CHAMPIONSHIP CUP WON BY 1900 FOOTBALL TEAM.



CHAMPIONSHIP CUP WON BY 1901 FOOTBALL TEAM.

How We Won the Two Cups

IT was in the spring of 1900 that a new regime was inaugurated in the athletic circles of the colleges in Virginia. Representatives from the various College Athletic Associations met at Charlottesville and combined their several associations into an Inter-Collegiate Association for the fostering of pure Athletics. Sundry rules and regulations were adopted for the governing of the association and for the eligibility of players. Furthermore, the state was divided into two sections; and it was decided to give each year in both sections two trophies—one to the champions in football; and the other to the champions in baseball. Hampden-Sidney came in the Eastern Division along with Richmond College, Randolph–Macon and William and Mary. This much is a matter of history familiar to all student men of the present time in Virginia. The rest that I shall commit to writing is also a matter of history; but it is not so well known as the above stated facts.



The advent of this Association was hailed with delight by Hampden-Sidney. She had always upheld pure athletics, so she had been handicapped in her games with other institutions who had hitherto been somewhat broadminded in their considerations of eligible athletes. But despite this consideration the football team of '99, generaled by Kuykendall, came off victorious over the teams in our territory; and had the association then been in existence, we would have been awarded the trophy. This team was the best aggregation of athletes Hampden-Sidney has ever sent out; and as most of them were in their Senior year and did not return in 1900, small wonder it was that the prospects were poor at the beginning of that season.

Only four of the '99 team returned; but they were heavy men and a happy nucleus it proved around which to build a team. They were Kemper, Capt., Osbourne, Davis and Gilliam. The services of Mr. Harry Shaner who had coached the team the previous season, were engaged. To him we largely give the credit of the team's success. With the exception of the four players above named, he had a green set of students to pick from; and moreover they were young. Mr. Shaver immediately had the men hard at work, and soon he picked his eleven men to drill in the tackles back formation. Gilliam and Osbourne were placed as tackles and a formidable pair they were; Davis and Cohn were the impregnable guards, and Roberts was center. That line Hampden-Sidney had never seen the like of before, nor will she see it again for many a day. Hawkes played right end; and on left end Rudy Campbell and Martin all played at one time or another. Any one of those could shine in any aggregation. Hooper, the Syncopated, officiated at quarter and his generalship was magnificent. The back field consisted of Kemper and W. E. Jones, halves, and McCorkle fullback. If any one has any doubt of the

merit of that back field, he is at liberty to question any team they played against.

St. Albans was the first team to be met and vanquished. Then William and Mary took their defeat of 17 to 0, and Randolph-Macon, 11 to 0. The greatest rival, Richmond College, was badly whitewashed, 34 to 0, and this closed the season. That team was not scored against and well deserved the title of Champions of the Eastern Division.



The 1900 team also was composed largely of Seniors. Rudy, Capt., Gilliam, McCorkle, Cohn, and Jones returned for the 1901 season. Mr. Martin of Farmville was engaged as Coach, and soon things were running smoothly. For a time it looked as if a victorious team would be again put on the field; but then came accident after accident to players, chief of which was the breaking of Captain Rudy's shoulder blade.

While the team was in this crippled condition, it was taken to Lexington for games with the Virginia Military Institute and Washington and Lee. Hampden-Sidney here sustained two defeats and the chapter of accidents was consummated by W. E. Jones' being hurt so badly that he played no more during the season.

When the team returned every one was blue over the defeats. Rudy resigned as Captain because it was thought he could do no more playing, and Gilliam was elected in his stead. Then the esprit de corps of the students began to assert itself. The team was reorganized for the championship games and victory was the result. Cohn and Gilliam played tackles, Hansberger and Payne were guards, with Bernard as centre. Stephenson, Christian and Rudy whose shoulder had improved were on the ends. The backfield was composed of Willcox, quarter; McCorkle, fullback; and Graham and H. P. Jones, halfbacks. This team won from Richmond College, 16 to 0; and Randolph-Macon, 22 to 6. Later they again defeated Richmond College, 70 to 0; but the last game of the season was lost to the better and heavier St. Albans team, 17 to 0.

Thus ended football at Hampden-Sidney in 1901, McCorkle having been elected Captain for the next season. The cup was ours so there was no reason to be cast down by the defeat of teams from larger institutions. Then too the 1901 team was composed of lower classmen and the defeats they sustained this season are but the preparation for great things to come. We predict sucess for our team next season.

"Then Hampden-Sidney, here's to you,
The noblest of your day,
And here's to the team so strong and true
That wears the garnet and grey!"

Alma Mater

A BALLADE.

Far away from city's moil
 In a sweet secluded spot,
There's a famous institution
 Where students idle not,
And across the well trod campus
 Sweeps the winter breezes cold—
But its classic dormitories,
 They are old, very old.

In the class-room, where the masters
 In their vain endeavors seek
To impart to listening students
 Scraps of Latin, Logic, Greek;
There the merry laughter reigneth
 When the master's jokes are told—
But like the dormitories,
 They are old, very old.

There are fair ones, yes, a plenty,
 That make all the way seem bright,
To the youth who staggers blindly,
 Seeking intellectual light;
But a secret I will tell you
 Though it never should be told;
Like the classic dormitories,
 They are old, very old.

L'Envoi.

O Prince of mighty power!
 In our hearts these all enfold,
For we love such institutions
 Though they're old, very old.


LiteraturE

Old Letters

M. B. ALLMOND.

The file of old letters lies here
Discolored by the touch of time;
One hundred years ago
They were in the'r very prime.
Though the years in their flight have changed
The hue of the paper and ink,
The heart of the world to-day
Is the same as then, I think.

A lover is ever a lover
In all the flight of the years,
And under every sky
He has his hopes and his fears,
And in this letter he gives
The wealth of his heart to her
Of whom he says that he is
Forever a worshiper.

And here is a picture drawn—
Of a bride in the midst of her "teens,"
With the orange blossoms so sweet,
Enriching the bridal scenes,
And the robe of white and the vail
So filmy and full of grace,
And hopes so high and smiles
All aglow on her sunny face.

And here is a tender scene
Of a mother, young and fair,
All in the morning-time,
Bathing the baby there;
Brushes and towels soft,
Powder and perfume sweet,
And "witsy-bitsy" stockings
To clothe its tiny feet.

And here is an absent father
Away on a business-call,
And his fond heart glows for the mother
And the baby's smile and all,
And he speaks of the little trinkets
He has bought for the "wee-bit one,"
And the bonnets and dresses for mother
His fancy has chanced upon.

And here a sorrow has fallen
Over the household now,
And the hand of death is laid
Upon the baby's brow,
And the hearts seemed like to break
A hundred years ago,
Even as hearts do now,
Beneath their weight of woe.

And here is a matron grave,
With her other children 'round,
Growing to sturdy manhood
As the oak springs from the ground,
Or flowering to their womanhood
As lilies in their bed,
But "the widow's weeds" are on her
And the black vail on her head.

And here's an aged mother,
White-haired and glory-crowned,
Seeking for that sweet rest
That no where here is found,
Looking toward the haven
That lies beyond the sea
Where baby and father and all
In due time, sure, will be.

And the "due time" long has come
And all whose names appear
In these time-stained, time-worn letters
Are passed away from here,
And their hopes and their fears are ended
And the path that each one trod
Has rounded the curve that leads them
To the presence of their God.

And there we leave them, feeling
A hundred years from to-day—
The many-footed millions
Will all have passed away;
But dear old human nature
Is the same in every clime,
And the heart of the world will beat then
As the heart of the present time.


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THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

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Fitzgerald

Hill
Cross

Sheldon
Hubard, Bus. Mgr.

Spottswood
Henry, Ed-in-Chief

Preston
Burroughs

Mann
Graham



Editorial

We have come to the end of our travels. Our work has been pleasant, and we have enjoyed it. Whether you will enjoy the result, we leave you to say. It is neither our desire nor intention to make apology for our work, as has been the custom with most of the former editors of this and other college annuals, but we will say that we have done our best. If you like the book, we shall be glad; if not, we shall be sorry.

In this little volume we have tried to narrate and not create, yet there will be found in it some fiction as well as fact. We have reduced the usual number of biographical sketches, and still there are enough of them — and of other articles, we hope — to give the book some historical value. In the lighter vein, we have produced some fiction to balance the more serious portion of the volume. There are certain facts that must necessarily be reproduced year after year, for without them the Annual would be incomplete, and after these certain facts have been given a place there is still room for original work. We have taken advantage of this, and produced some articles which may be of interest to you; and especially we hope they may interest the alumni of this glorious old college who are still loyal to the *garnet and gray* and who are desirous of knowing something of the many happenings at their old Alma Mater.

"The spirit of the Hill" is a difficult thing to portray. Our student life here is so pleasant, so full of those things which go to make up life — a life full of happiness and joy; and yet, when one endeavors to describe it all, and it goes down in cold print, it seems so flat, so dull, that we scarcely recognize it. College life at Hampden-Sidney is one of those things which can only be felt and not described; for who could do it justice, however ready his pen? Yet the memory of the glorious days of student life will forever live in our hearts, defying the obliterating hand of time.

The Annual may be a mere summary of classes, clubs, organizations, and athletic teams, but even that serves to recall to memory the thousand and one little things that give to our college life that attractiveness which will linger always in our memories. The very sight of the football team takes you back to the hotly contested games on the athletic field, the "frenzied roar on the bleachers where the crowded

rooters stand, and the cry that breaks from the side line that tells how the game is won." And though there is no record made of it, your thoughts may wander back to the good times you had during "Intermediate"; the gymnasium exhibition, and the germans you danced in the old gymnasium draped with the college colors, evergreens, and palms, the sweet, dreamy music, and the smooth polished floor over which you glided with some favored one among the fairer sex, and, perchance, after the dance was over, the gay times you had with little Jack Potts and his merry comrades. Then you recall the high old times you had in Richmond with the football or baseball teams, and the victories you helped them to win. Again, your eye encounters on some page the names of comrades endeared to you by long months of intimate intercourse and close friendship, and over you comes the feeling of joy for the success of some who have become famous, a sigh for those whose lives, bright with promise, have ended in failure, a tear for the memory of those who have "gone before." Then, gazing at memory's phantom pictures, you pass on to the schemes you planned and the wires you pulled to elect "your man" president of the athletic association or manager of the team. You wander on to "Finals," when you were presented with your longed-for degree; when you bade a sad farewell to your comrades and your Alma Mater, with a heart heavy with sorrow at leaving, yet full of delight and enthusiasm at thoughts of entering life's great battle arena; when you left the quiet shadows of the old college buildings, and wended your way into the world, there to make your record in the history of mankind.

Such are the memories which THE KALEIDOSCOPE awakens in the minds of those who have lived the life of a student at Hampden-Sidney; and surely, if it serves to strengthen the bond of fraternal love which inspires the heart of every true alumnus of our grand old college, its life has not been entirely without its merit.



VOLUME. XIX. No. 5

Hampden-Sidney Magazine.



June, 1902.



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Preston,
McAllister,
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Hannah,
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Payne,
Kinnier,
Hansberger,
Christian, S. G.,



UNION SOCIETY HALL.

Philanthropic Literary Society

R. S. Graham, ... *Final Senior President.*

Members

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Webb.
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Daniel.
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Moore, H. B.,
Lee, W. S.,
West.
Thornton, H. C.,
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Jones, H. P.,
Epes.
Mann, F.,
Harnsberger.
Fitzgerald.
Hill, P. B.,
Anderson.
Hubard.
Christian, A. C.
Jackson.
Whiteside, H.,
Morton.
Graham.
Wood.
Mann, H.,
Jones, W. E.,
Lawson.
Harwell.
Willcox.
Williams.
Stokes.
Frazer.
Fletcher.



PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY HALL.

The Value of Literary Societies



HE interest taken by the students in the literary societies has long been one of the distinguishing features of college life at Hampden-Sidney. While at many other institutions of learning these valuable aids to the higher education have been allowed to fall into disuse and decay, it may be said to the credit of Hampden-Sidney that she has always fostered and encouraged them.

The wisdom of this enlightened course has been established by the result. Throughout its long and useful career it has been the habit of this college to send forth to the battle of life men well equipped for the war; not mere bookworms, but men well fitted in a practical manner to cope with the matters which must be dealt with by those who would play any real part in the world's activities—statesmen, professional men, and men of affairs, of the class who constitute the real, moving force of the world's machinery.

That such men could have been produced out of a system which left out of calculation the possibilities that the literary societies afforded may well be doubted; that such men have been produced by the Hampden-Sidney system, which has always recognized those possibilities, is an established fact. The list of men who prove this assertion is too long to admit of insertion here, but as typical examples may be mentioned the following: in the pulpit, such men as John Holt Rice, Archibald Alexander, Moses D. Hoge, R. L. Dabney, W. U. Murkland, and Robert L. Gibson; at the bar and on the bench, such lawyers as Edward Chambers, William Daniel, Jr., P. W. McKinney, Richard M. Venable, and Roger A. Pryor; in the chairs of learning, such teachers as L. L. Holladay, George E. Dabney, Robert Dabney, W. M. Thornton, and Addison Hogue; in legislative councils, such men as W. M. Tredway, William Ballard Preston, Thomas S. Bocock, and many others. The list might be swelled indefinitely with names fully as distinguished as those given, but enough have been named to show the type of sturdy, well-trained minds that for nearly a century and a quarter have been going forth from the classrooms and debating halls of the old Alma Mater so dearly loved by loyal sons.

Of course, the literary societies are not entitled to all the credit; it must be admitted that the major portion of the training which enabled these men to attain

prominence was received in the classroom: but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the practical work of the literary societies, where they accustomed themselves to speaking and learned how to "think on their feet," was of the greatest value in giving them the facility of expression, ease of manner, and power of speech, which they afterwards used to such good purpose.

In recent years it has become a common thing to hear the art of public speaking sneered at as something of small importance. True, those sneers always come from the inconsiderate, and usually from people who possess no facility in the art themselves. To say the least, those who deride the noble art of oratory, called by the ancients the "art of arts," have fallen into a grave error. In all ages the art of oratory has been of the highest usefulness in influencing men and leading them in the pursuit of the highest things. Without it, progress in liberty, science, literature, philosophy, and the arts would have been practically impossible. Without it, the Greeks would have been a herd of untamed barbarians, the Romans an army of fierce and savage warriors.

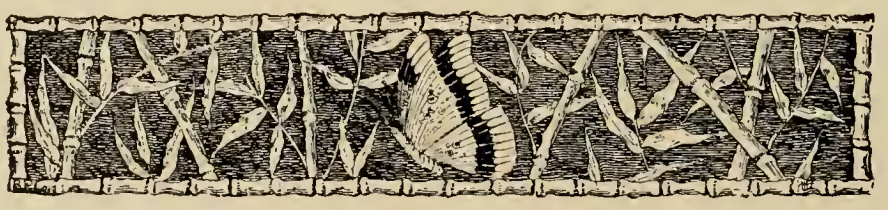
It will be admitted, however, that oratory has been useful in the past. The cry against it is usually based upon the assertion that its days of usefulness have ended; that, while it may have been the best vehicle for the diffusion of thought and knowledge in the olden times, when the art of printing did not exist, in this day and generation it has been superseded and rendered useless by the wonderful development of the power of the press. Those who argue thus forget the unchanging character of human nature. The historian Bancroft has beautifully said: "The material world does not change in its masses or in its powers. The stars shine with no more luster than when they first sang together in the glory of their birth. The flowers that gemmed the fields and forests before America was discovered now bloom around us in their season. The sun that shone on Homer shines on us with unchanging luster; the bow that beamed on the patriarch still glitters in the clouds. Nature is the same. For her no new forces are generated, no new capacities are discovered. The earth turns on its axis, and perfects its revolutions, and renews its seasons without increase or advancement."

If this be true of nature, it is truer still of man. It is only in one sense that it is true of nature at all. We know that nature *is* subject to change, and that the very stars and suns themselves shall grow old and die out of the sky. But with human nature it is different. Humanity may grow; it may progress: but the same influences which acted upon it in the time of Demosthenes act upon it still, and oratory is as potent a force in the world today as it was in the palmiest days of Rome.

It is no more true that oratory is a "lost art" than it is that poetry, painting, or sculpture are lost arts. It is only the tendency to minify the good of our own day that makes some people think so; only the propensity of people to be dissatisfied with what they have, and in all ages to join in the cry that the children of Israel long ago raised in the desert when they thought of the fleshpots of Egypt, "The old times were better than the new"; only the same feeling that made Tacitus of Rome lament that the great orators were all gone and that oratory had declined.

As a matter of fact, the men who exercise the most influence in the world today are not the millionaires of whom we hear so much, not the Rockefellers and Goulds and Morgans who dominate the realm of finance, not the mere money-grubbers who inhabit the streets called Lombard and Wall. They have a large part in the world's affairs, it is true, but above and beyond them in influence and power are the statesmen, the preachers, the thinkers, the philosophers, whose eloquence is moulding public opinion — that great, silent force which is under the world and which is more powerful to move and uplift it than the lever of Archimedes. These are the men who are shaping the world's future history, and no greater instrumentality is at their command than the queenly art of oratory.

Of a truth, then, it is no exaggeration to say that the training given by the literary societies at Hampden-Sidney is hardly second in importance to that given by any branch of learning taught in the college. The obvious moral, therefore, is to encourage their work in every way, so that they may prove in the future, as they have in the past, an effective agency in the development and training of useful men. Let the faculty and business management of the institution give to the societies a continuance of their hearty approbation and support, and let the students manifest their appreciation of the opportunities thus afforded by faithful attendance and earnest endeavor.



Ballade of Old Letters

Before me on the table near
 The faded letters opened lie.
Dimmed are the lines which once were clear
 That Annie wrote in days gone by.
And I can scarce suppress a sigh
 When Bessie's pages small I see,—
But as the roses bloom and die,
 E'en so is love to you and me.

Perhaps it is the fading ' dear '
 That catches now the wandering eye,
For Minnie's hand has rested here—
 (An angel quaint and ever sly)
And Jessie's notes so stiff and dry—
 And just as formal e'er was she;—
But gay and bright as birds that fly—
E'en so is love to you and me.

And shall some day I shed a tear
 And for old times with longings sigh?
No! Tho the past I still revere,
 Yet other days and loves are nigh;
And Cupid's banners still on high
 I'll bear, and sing in endless glee,—
And can you vainly wonder why
 When love is light to you and me?

L'ENVOI.

Princess, should you with question shy
 Ask whether I shall constant be,—
To you I'd make the same reply—
 "E'en so is love to you and me."

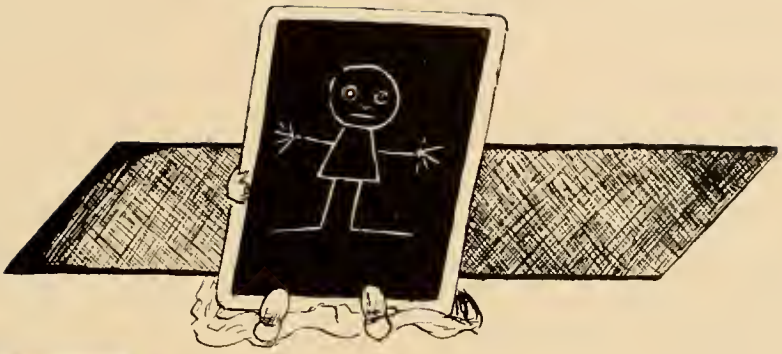


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P. B. Hill,	*President.*
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ARTISTS

Our Artists

Cabell Fitzgerald, ...	*Manager of Art Department.*
B. Mason Hill, ...	*Assistant.*

Artists

Miss Jennie Tabb,
Miss Sue Jordon,
Miss Grace Sargent,
Miss Ella Laws,
Mr. Lyttleton Fitzgerald,
Mr. George Fitzgerald,
Mr. Chapin Robeson,
Mr. A. L. Flournoy,
Miss Irma Stahl.

"The Dream of the Statistician"

I, L———, J———, the Statistician, do herein write unto the seven candlesticks, which are the Seven Fraternities, concerning strange things, unknown to the heathen Barbarians, which have been revealed to me—the servant of the Most High Editor-in-Chief—in a dream. Now, not understanding the meaning of this mysterious dream, straightway sent I unto the Most Wise Peter Hamlett, interpreter of parables and reconciler of paradoxes, who said unto me "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, for the publication of this revelation, thou shalt be accursed and despised among thy brethren; nevertheless, do any and all things for the glory of thy Editor-in-chief."

Thus, fellow-workers in the Faith in the Greek-letter world, write I unto you, these strange things, that your souls may be strengthened, and that ye may behold what manner of men do dwell in this land of pines and broomsage, even in this land of Hampden-Sidney, where though Paul may plant and Apolas may water, E. W. V. alone gives the increase in bills.

And I dreamed, and lo! I beheld King Nebuchadnezzar in the midst of six of his lords, and they did sit in judgment. And the names of his lords were even MENE, which is, being interpreted, "Jim," and likewise TEKEL, which is, being interpretered, "Marcus," and even also was added thereunto UPHARSIN, which being interpreted is, "Curry"; and likewise there was raised unto their ranks one Barbarian and two Greeks, whose names in the Hebrew are, SHADRACH, which is "Pete"; MESHACH which is "Baldy" and BAGGS-you-know. Then was King Nebuchadnezzar exceeding glad for he had just returned from the Constitutional Convention, where, upon the plain of Dura, which is the State of Virginia, he had set up an immortal image to himself.

Then spake Tekel, which is Marcus, O King live forever; now that they which cover the face of the earth—even the trees are blooming forth in all their beauty, and likewise the birds are flitting among their branches chirping praises for Prohibition, and even the wild flowers do spring towards the heavens, let us accomplish that for which we are united together.

Then said Baggs-you-know, who cared not for King Nebuchadnezzar, nor any of his lords, and he said, yes, lets get a move on; and Upharsin, which is "Curry," answered, y–y–yes, O K–K–King.

Then did King Nebuchadnezzar light a one-cent pipe and did gather about him his coat-tails and did say: Know ye, O vassals, that we are gathered together for to ascertain certain statistical facts concerning the subjects of my Kingdom. Then said the King, moreover, 'whoever shall shew me the most popular professor in the faculty shall be clothed with scarlet and shall have a chain of gold about his neck and shall be third ruler in my Kingdom.' Then spoke Upharsin and said, surely O King, it is Mene; which is "Jim," which is Prof. Thornton. Then straightway did the King clothe Upharsin, which is "Curry," in scarlet, and did hang a gold chain about his neck and did perfume his garments with spices and H_2S. Then said the King, O my lords, tell me, if there be such, what is the favorite drink among my subjects. And straightway answered Baggs-you-know, and he said, it is "Scotch High-Ball." 'Then the King's countenance was changed, and he was exceeding wroth, so that the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees swote one against another.' Then spake Meshach, which is "Baldy," O uncle King live forever—who is it that is the smartest man in thy Kingdom? And straightway answered the King, it is Webb. Thereupon said the King, O nephew Meshach, who is thy best logician? Straightway answered Meshach and said: Oom, oom, oom, uncle King, it is Siler. Then, for the first time, spoke Shadrach, which being interpreted, is "Pete" and he said, *Vive le roi! qui est le plus bon poete?* Then answered the King to Shadrach, *C'est Monsieur Williams.*

Then did King Nebuchadnezzar stroke his beard, and when he did stroke his beard there was heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and all kinds of music; and the governor, the captain, the judge, the treasurer, the counsellor, and the sheriff, which were the six lords, did strike their golden cups together and did drink the health of King Nebuchadnezzar who had just returned from the Constitutional Convention.

Then did the King wax merry, and he cried, who is that is the best orator among my subjects? And straightway answered Upharsin, it is R. C. Stokes.

Now Baggs-you-know, was an astronomer and physicist, and was the wisest ruler in the Kingdom. And he stood up and said, O King live forever. But this method is too slow. I have the power to know that which is and that which is not; that which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven. So O King let me tell you that the most popular student is McCorkle; the most prominent man is Henry, the hardest student is Harnsberger; the sportiest man is McCorkle; and likewise he is the best football player; the best baseball player is Graham; and likewise Graham is the best all-round athlete; the best dancer is Pasco; and the best actor is R. C. Stokes; the best musician is Payne; the best singer is West; the most awkward man is Spottswood; the greatest class-cutter is Butler; the freshest man is Brooks; the favorite smoke is cigarette; the best gymnast is Paul Edmunds; the greatest calico man is Payne; the greatest talker is Spottswood; the faculty's pet is Webb; the nerviest man is Payne; the best politician is Henry; the biggest liar is Lucas Bed-

inger; the best theologian is Akers; the best tennis player is Graham; the biggest eater is Payne; the best gunner is Burroughs; the most bowlegged man is H. P. Jones; the most orginal man is Burroughs; and he is likewise the wittiest man; the best pony rider is Jones, H. P.; and the biggest gas-bag is Spottswood; the most graceful man is McCorkle and the biggest bluff is Brooks.

True spoke Baggs-you-know, and when he had finished he did sit down. Then had Tekel which is "Mareus," who was ruler of the provinces of Poetry and Prohibition, too much wine and did wax exceeding glad and did turn his skull-cap wrong side out and did sing "Arma virumque cano," which is so often sung by maidens; and even while he sang, did I awake from my dream. And this dream write I unto the seven candlesticks, which are the seven fraternities, that ye may know what manner of men do dwell in our land. Amen.





To Lydia

Chill blew the wind that bore thee, Love,
Over the foam-flecked sea;
But I know that when Virgines zephyrs blow,
They will bear you again to me,
For I heard from the lips of a dying day,
From the lips of a gnarled tree,
From the innermost soul of the sleeping earth,
A message I deemed from thee:
When Boreas aweary of boisterous play
Afar with hoar winter shall flee,
The sun shall shine softly and sweetly again,
And all winter's captives be free.
Then the bloom and the green shall return to the wood,
Yea the flower and the blade to the lea.



3d Chronicles 1

Now, it came to pass in the following year of good king Nebuchadnezzar that the laws of the land must needs be rewritten, so that wise men and doctors of the law must needs be gathered together in the sacred city, even in Richmond, for to rewrite the laws.

And it so happened that when lots were cast in the king's province, the king was chosen; and he went, for there was none in the land so great as he. And the king proved himself mighty and wise among all the counsellors that were gathered together at the chief city, even at Richmond.

And the king set over his people James, the keeper of the king's money, for to have dominion over them. And when James knew that he needs must rule over the king's people, his heart waxed sore troubled, for that he knew what manner of people they were.

Nevertheless James ruled over them with a kind heart, showing mercy unto the merciless.

Now, the king also chose him new counsellors, and these be the names of them: Marcus, a man of the Romans, which was mighty with his pen; John, of the tribe of Strong-Arms; and Murrie, which was a prophet and patriarch among the people.

And these did go in and out among the people, saying strange things and performing strange deeds.

Now, there was a place in those days where all the youths were instructed in the Law and the Prophets, which was called Union Seminary, and from whence the king chose one,whose name was John I., for to instruct his youths in all the learning of the scripture.

And the people did sorely vex him, for that they would not give heed unto him when he read to them or would teach them.

Now the tribe of men which came to sojourn in the land, and which be called Freshmen, showed themselves to be of a froward mouth and of haughty spirit.

And the other tribes, of Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, were exceedingly wroth against them, but they could show no vengeance upon the tribe of Freshmen, for that they had foolishly bound themselves by an oath not to vex the tribe of Freshmen. And since the king had caused the other tribes to make this covenant, therefore the king and his counsellors were called "Seet for Hindrance of Malefaction to Dumb Animals."

It came to pass in the first month, that is, the month of Nisan, that when some of the people had planted them a vineyard they drank of the wine and were drunken. So that James, the man that stood in the king's stead, and all the counsellors of the king, were much vexed.

And when they questioned all the people concerning this happening, there appeared before them a man which was often drunken with much wine, and the king's counsellors bade him straightway to abandon the land and to depart from thence into other borders.

Moreover, when all the people were assembled with one accord on the following morning, together with James and Bagges and Peter, then did James, which spake in the king' s stead, open his mouth and speak unto the people, saying,

O ye men of our great and good king, hearken unto me this day, while I lay before you this matter touching the young man which is given to strong drink, causing him to say that which he knoweth not.

And when he was finished speaking, behold, much people in the congregation of sinners pleaded with the king's counsellors that they should release unto them this man.

And it came to pass that the hearts of James and the others were softened toward the young man, so that they allowed him to tarry in the land yet another year, that he might prove himself before all the people.

Thenceforward every man dwelt under his own vine and fig tree for two and two months, even four months. But, behold, in the fifth month, that is, the month of Ab, plagues were visited upon the people, insomuch that they did tremble with great fear and trembling.

Now, the first of the many plagues was the plague of Freshmen, which descended into the land, and which the other tribes could not rid themselves of, so that the plague of Freshmen lasted a year.

And the second plague, likewise, was sorely grievous unto the people, for that many strange teachers and expounders of the law came to dwell among them for to be a plague unto them.

And the third plague which visited them was a plague of mumps, which sorely afflicted much people, insomuch that great fear arose among them. And when this mumps was abroad in the land, it was so that no man might know his neighbor, for that his neighbor's face was much puffed up. And when that this plague was passed away from them, the people were much rejoiced.

Now, there dwelt in the land also the Laeyites and the Carringtonites and the Reynoldites and the Tabbites and the Venablites, and these peoples had herds of sheep and flocks of turkeys, which were good to look upon and to eat.

And when the wicked people knew this they purposed in their hearts how they might bear off these turkeys secretly, for to prepare them a feast.

And this thing did they, even according to all that they had purposed in their hearts to do, so that all the peoples were sore afraid and wroth, for that no man could tell who had borne off his turkey.

And the wicked people who had borne off the turkeys, were greatly rejoiced when that they knew that the peoples were vexed, and they laughed a wicked laugh at their neighbors' distress.

And no man's turkeys were safe from the bedouins which went about at night, seeking what they might take secretly.

But it came to pass that after the wicked people had borne off many turkeys, they ceased from worrying their neighbors.

Now, there dwelt in the portion of the land which be called Second Passage, certain men whose delight was in vexing the peoples by night with musical instruments called "zobos." And it came to pass that the people were wroth against these men and would do violence with them, for that these unknown men went about by night with "zobos" and vexed them mightily beyond that they could suffer.

And when that they would lay hands on the "zobo band" they could not, for that no man might say who was guilty.

Now, these peoples of the good king were mighty in war and were often in battle against the neighboring tribes. They wore full armor in battle and this be the armor they wore: a helmet of leather for the head; a guard of rubber for the nose, besides armor for to protect the shins and ankles. And it came to pass that a dispute arose between them and the Richmondites as to which was the mightiest of all the peoples of the State. And, behold, the Richmondites crossed over into the land of good king Nebuchadnezzar, for to do battle against the people thereof.

And it was so that while the Richmondites were afar off, the watchman on the wall saw them advancing and ran and told James, which was in the king's stead.

And when James had summoned unto him all the people and had told unto them all that the watchmen had seen and heard, he raised a mighty army, for to go and

meet the Richmondites. And there was much doubt and fear among the people for that the Richmondites had been a mighty people in former times.

And they went out and met the Richmondites on the plains near the waddy of Engedi, and they prevailed mightily against the haughty Richmondites, so that the Richmondites must needs turn them and flee.

And of all the Richmondites that went up to the battle, few returned to their homes. And all the scores that the Richmondites scored was nothing, even nothing, while all the points that the peoples of the good king scored amounted to seventy.

And there was much weeping and wailing throughout the tents of the Richmondites, but there was great rejoicing throughout all the camp of the people of the good king Nebuchadnezzar.

And as they journeyed homeward, all the women of the land which knew of their victory, shouted, saying,

"Nineteen Hundred hath slain its thousands,
Nineteen Hundred and One its tens of thousands."

Now, on a certain night in every week, the peoples of the land are wont to meet together in an upper room in the Memorial Hall, for to hear the learned of the land speak forth words of wisdom.

There be men from the tribe of Freshmen, which declaim; there be men from among the Juniors which discuss many strange things in what is wont to be called debates; and there be men from among the Sophomores which write essays.

And the Freshmen are greatly vexed in the Society, for in their innocence they walk in ways they understand not.

There was great mourning as of the mourning of Hadradrimmon, throughout all the land, for that the king could not yet return unto them, but must needs remain yet a while longer for to complete the laws of the land.

And so James continued to rule in the king's stead, and he was much vexed, for that many of the peoples were wont to walk in wicked ways.





Tomorrow

Aurora now has run her daily race,
And darkling shadows weird come on apace,
Fierce-frowning clouds the firmament enshroud
While thunder peals reverberating loud.
See lightnings weird and forked flashes fly
Like streams of liquid fire across the sky!
Cans't hear the storm-winds as they madly go
Through bending trees like fiends beset by woe?
Tomorrow—if God sends another day
This stormy scene will all have passed away;
Rose clouds the deeper blue will then adorn,
And zephyrs whisper welcome to the morn,
So thou, O man! when storms at evening rise
Remember that tomorrow brings clear skies.

Reveries

A BALLADE OF LOST LOVES.



When lightly falls the twilight mist
 And evening shadows, lengthening fade,
I stand when first I kept a tryst
 Beneath the oak tree's sombre shade
 With Bessie, and the zephrs played
So lightly, gently with her hair.—
 And then to her I pleading prayed—
But she is gone and do I care?,

And Annie's fingers, too, I kissed
 When roaming in yon grassy glade,
And placed a bracelet on her wrist
 When once at eve by here we strayed.
 But greener grew each dewy blade,
And skies were blue and cloudless fair
 When 'neath this oak that hour we stayed—
But she is gone and do I care?

So Helen's voice I seemed to list
 As gently me she would upbraid;
And on her brow I twine and twist
 The ivy garlands that she made.
 And yet it must not be betrayed
That oft to you the same I swear
 In whispered song and serenade—
But she is gone and do I care?

L'ENVOI

Princess, others thus arrayed
 Will rise before me here and there,
Of thee I sing in brief ballade—
 But they are gone and do I care?



The Minstrel's Lay

"Smite strong your harp," the Baron said,
"Smite with your might and main,
For my spirits are worn with the battle's strife,
They surge, minstrel, calm me again."

The minstrel paused and bowed his head,
He touched a sweet refrain,
Then fondled his harp like a thing of life,
And sang an old song of Spain.

" O ! hear the song of Rodrigo,
The pirate so bold and free,
Who scoffed at the fear of God and man,
And scorned the wrath of the sea."

Rodrigo, the pirate, was cruel and bold,
His brow it was fierce and dark,
His locks were as black as a raven's wing
In his eye gleamed the lightning's spark.
His plume was a feather of burnished gold,
His blade bore Damascan mark,
His laughter at Death full and loud would ring
In the fray, or on storm-tossed bark.

Rodrigo's heart beat for a mellow-eyed maid,
A maid of Castilian mould;
A smile from her lips was to him far more
Than the riches that Croesus told.
It chanced as he wooed her 'neath soft, sylvan shade.
And breathed there the story old,
That swift fell upon him and prest him sore,
Hostile Moors that lay hid in the wold.

Quick flashed his good blade to the left, to the right—
A lance-thrust was aimed from behind,
But Castile's fair maid in her own heart staid
The point that her lover would find.
One agonized cry from his soul rose for might;
Foes fled from his anger blind,
Then tears softly fell, for deep grief had made
His heart melt and flow out to mankind.

" This is the song of Rodrigo,
The pirate so bold and free,
That scoffed at the fear of God and man,
And scorned the wrath of the sea."

A Glimpse Into Charon's Houseboat

"CHARON, two bottles of Madeira and glasses."

The shades of seven College professors were seated about a table in one of the rooms of the House-boat on the Styx, and were intending to spend a pleasant evening, discussing interesting people and events.

At that particular time they were all reading a copy of a speech on Suffrage which was made by Dr. McIlwaine before the Constitutional Convention, and which had been brought by the latest arrival from earth—Dr. Winston.

Dr. Brock was pointing out the defects in style, while Dr. Armstrong was wondering when he would reach that height of eloquence.

Charon had assumed charge of the boat and was doing all in his power to make the passengers enjoy themselves.

The above order addressed to Charon came from Dr. Bagby. Shades do not always have tastes similar to those which their former selves had.

After drinking two toasts apiece to one another, Dr. Brock was just proposing a toast to the dead languages, when Charon entered and announced that Dr. McIlwaine had just arrived and wished to know if he could enter.

Charon was ordered to purify the Doctor of all earthly appearance and to conduct him into their austere company.

They were all greatly surprised to see the Doctor and he himself said, "Well, gentlemen, I thought I would never get here. Do you know, that Convention has just adjourned?"

"It's a wonder it adjourned when it did if they allowed you to debate whenever you wished to," retorted Dr. Bagby.

"Well, now Dr. McIlwaine, didn't you think how much of the State's money you were spending all that time? Now suppose ——"

"Now, suppose you stop moralizing so much and allow Dr. McIlwaine to tell us what the convention decided to do with the negro."

"It was unanimously decided to ship the whole negro population to Hades," Dr. McIlwaine informed them.

"Would that I were back on earth!" exclaimed Dr. Allmond, in classic tones.

But Charon seemed to enjoy the prospect of arrivals shortly.

"Uncle Richard, uhm, how did you leave the boys at College?" asked Dr. Henry McIlwaine, very timidly.

"Oh, nothing unusual was happening. I believe three had just been expelled and four put on probation. Nothing of unusal interest, though."

After a long pause, Dr. McIlwaine exclaimed, "Well, well, there's my young friend, Dr. Armstrong. I hadn't seen you before, you mustn't be timid here among us. Tell me how you succeeded with my classes while I was gone.

Dr. Armstrong drew a long, deep sigh, and finally said, "Well, sir, the boys and I were always the best of friends."

"And, then Doctor, I noticed that so many more boys were absent from my classes on account of sickness than from any of the other classes."

As Dr. Armstrong made this last remark, it seemed that someone was convulsed in laughter near the door, and on turning in that direction, they recognized the shade of a former College student.

After greetings were exchanged, the student, walking up to Dr. Bagby and slapping him on the shoulder, said,

"Doctor I have just arrived and bring you the good news that Marconi is sending messages around the world. He asked me to give you his regards and to tell you he hoped to establish communication with you here soon."

"Never, never," exclaimed Charon, who happened to be within hearing distance, "I can never allow any one to be in communication with the earth,with all its degrading influences." But Dr. Bagby winked a knowing wink at Dr. Winston who seemed to comprehend.

Thereupon, Charon turned to leave the room, and as his lower limbs were so constructed as not to permit of his walking in a straight line, Dr. Thornton immediately detected this fault and said to him in a gentle manner, "My dear Mr. Charon, you should not walk in that parabolical manner, you should describe a straight line leading to infinity. Now, my dear sir, I know you can remember this, if you will, and I hope you will try and do so in the future."

At these last words the student's mind took him back to days of old.

And Charon passed out of the room, describing something between a parablo and an eclipse.

After the conversation and the wine had given out, the shades separated for the night, after deciding to meet at the same time on the following day.

As they left the room, they were all greatly enjoying the weed, from which they had so sinfully refrained while on earth; and Dr. Thornton exclaimed, again and again,

"Ah! how much pleasure I missed on earth!"

Early on the following morning, Charon caused great excitement by announcing that the entire African population of Viriginia would arrive some time during the day.

The African shades seemed to think that it was a good thing that their kinsmen were coming to join them, for, as they said, they would all be in Hades soon, anyhow.

Night came but no arrivals.

According to agreement, the shades of the eight College professors and the student were assembled, discussing earthly affairs.

Dr. Bagby seemed to be weary of the conversation which was about matters too commonplace and illogical to interest him.

Dr. Armstrong felt and looked bored, and Dr. Henry McIlwaine spoke only to second what his uncle Richard said.

Dr. Thornton, who had looked greatly troubled during the evening, at last spoke to the student, saying, "My dear sir, I wish to apologize to you for not allowing you to pass on your final Junior Math. examination. You received seventy-four and

ninety-nine one-hundredths, but, as you know, I was always accurate. However, if I were to do this over, I would mark differently from the way I marked on earth."

"Uhm! uhm! yes, I remember you, sir. You are the young gentleman to whom I didn't give a distinction because I thought you weren't working my English and came to class to laugh and have fun. You see I thought I could mark a fellow just by looking at him and sizing him up, but I see now that I was wrong. Uhm! by the way, how did you enjoy my History class?"

"Oh! very, very well, indeed, sir. We all did."

"Now, sir, I wish to ask you this one question. How many of your Junior and Senior Orations were original?"

"Only one, Doctor, and that was the one on Immigration, in which you made the fewest corrections.

"Are you going to monopolize the conversation the whole evening?" asked Dr. Bagby, rather vehemently.

"If Uncle Richard says so," replied Dr. Henry McIlwaine.

Whereat, Dr. Bagby, with a look of contempt, left the room, followed by Dr. Winston, who it seemed, was aiding Dr. Bagby in many physical experiments.

Soon afterward, the student also left the room and had proceeded only a short distance when he was met by Charon, by whom walked two shades, indistinct in the dark.

However, when Charon informed the student that they were Stokes and John just arrived with the other African shades, he exclaimed:

"Well, well, Stokes, how are you? And, John, you are as fat as your former self. What were the boys doing when you left the college?"

Stokes exclaimed, "Boss, how is you? Well, suh, I never 'xpected t' see you in dis here place.

Dem boys was in more devilment when we left, afreezin' of the bell and a-paintin' up things."

"Well, suh," interrupted John, "I sho is 'prised t' see you here. I never knowed you was in any devilment at College. I thought you was the other kind.

"Where Dr. McIlwaine?" asked John.

"Where Dr. Thornton?" asked Stokes.

"I wants to tell him 'bout dat ole rooster of his'n what he used to have so much anxiety with."

Just then they reached the room where were assembled the shades of the College professors, and you would have concluded, from the greetings that the Africans were part of the Faculty. Dr. Thornton at once recognized Stokes and said to him:

"Stokes, how do you do? I am just as glad as I can be to see you. Stokes, where are the keys? And before you left did you put up the long-handled hoe and the short-handled shovel? And where's that speckled rooster, Stokes?"

To which Stokes very meekly responded, "Well, now, boss, I shet up dat rooster an I shet up everything, but I didn't hav no key for to lock them up."

"My dear sir," replied Dr. Thornton in kind but forceful word, "this will never do. I don't see why I have to keep telling you about the keys over and over again. Now, I am afraid the rooster will get out before we can get back to it."

"It is to be hoped so," said Dr. Brock.

At this juncture, the shade of Uncle John Evans exclaimed,

"Dr. Bagby, dem boys done got some keys and went in your work-shop and look at what all you got in it, and done took away some 'lectrieity and some dat wire-less telegraphy what you used to fix."

"Well," responded Dr. McIlwaine, "they'll be with us soon, and then we'll have a Faculty meeting."

At this Dr. Armstrong began to be highly elated, for he had been to but few Faculty meetings on earth, and it was to him what a new toy is to a child.

This conversation was hardly done with before a score or more of College students, who had been shipped from College at various times, came into the room to see what could cause Dr. McIlwaine to speak at so high a pitch.

After they had all taken seats and were busy discussing the metamorphoses through which each professor had passed, Dr. McIlwaine said,

"Young gentlemen, we, the Faculty of Hampden-Sidney College, wish to express to you our deep regret that we expelled you, for, since coming here, we have thought over the matter and know we did wrong by you.

And for this injustice we did you, we ask your pardon."

"Uhm, yes, I remember how I behaved myself when I was at ————"

"That will do, Henry," interrupted Dr. McIlwaine, who was immediately obeyed.

"I would like to ask," said Dr. Allmond, "if they like my successor at Hampden-Sidney better than they did me. That would hardly be possible, though. And will the latest arrival tell me whether my books have reached the 300,000th editon or not. I well remember how my dear Latin classes sent me letters of esteem and appreciation, for which I felt so grateful."

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When last heard from, the shades of the professors and of the students were living in perfect harmony.

Dr. Bagby was, unknown to Charon, in constant communication with Sig. Marconi. Dr. Thornton was endeavoring to reach infinity. Dr. Allmond was still writing poetry; Dr. McIlwaine was talking to John and Stokes about occult matters; Dr. Armstrong was cramming Psychology from habit; Dr. Winston was attempting to turn silver into gold; and Dr. Brock was still telling jokes and laughing at them himself.



Chacun a Son Gout

(A LONG WAY AFTER HORACE.)



There may be he who loves the storm
And rides the windwaves with his ship;
But as for me and my good heart
We love the sweets of Lydia's lip.

There may be he who glories in
The tented field 'neath angry skies;
But as for me and my good heart
We love the light of Lydia's eyes.

There may be he who loves to hoard
The piled wealth Commerce has in store;
But as for me and my good heart
We value Lydia's fond words more.

Oh! Lydia sprung from noble dames,
My sweet protection and my pride,
May naught but joy and peace and love
'Twixt thee and me, my love, abide.

In the Autumn

In the autumn, in the twilight,
 Then I most delight to rove,
'Neath the calm and rugged shadows,
 Where I first met her, my love;

There to stand in God's first temple,
 In the forest sere and dun,
Arched vault suspended o'er me
 Frescoed by the dying sun.

Sweet the music of the twilight;
 Woodland songsters' vesper hymns,
Trebled by the chirp of insects,
 Sound from overhanging limbs.

Fond the memories that come o'er me,
 Brighter than the crystal gem,
Purer than the dew on leaflets—
 Tears that heaven has shed for them.

In a meditative mood, I
 Love to turn the course of Time
Down the pictured halls of memory,
 And to seek for the sublime.

In the autumn, in the twilight,
 Though the ocean's leagues may roll
In between us, surging madly,
 I shall seek a woodland stroll.

There I'll wander with these memories,
 And communion sweet will hold
With the tall and leafless giants,
 With these forest kings of old.

Till I see the great Orion
 Rise to the welkin high
Till the night shall 'gin to draw her
 Spangled curtain 'cross the sky.

Then the footsteps slow and measured,
 Homeward once again I'll stray,
Bearing in my heart's sweet thoughts, that
 Naught but Death can take away.

Traditio Collegii Vetus

[Perhaps every student at our college is acquainted with the tradition of the mysterious disappearance of the college bell about the year 1850. Many of us, listening on a winter's evening to tales founded on the saying that the bell is hidden within sight of the top window of the Fourth Passage, have longed to bring honor upon ourselves by discovery of its whereabouts; perhaps others have wasted hours in a fruitless search for this ancient relic. We consider ourselves, therefore, very fortunate in at last having this light thrown on the subject by one who considers himself as "particeps criminis." Who knows but that the old bell may yet, after a silence of more than half a century, lift up her voice once more on the old "hill"?—Editor.]

IT was in the early eighties, and I was attending school at dear old Hampden-Sidney College. It was the month of February and accordingly I had heaped high the logs in my fire-place (there were no stoves then), and had been enjoying, on the particular night of which I speak, several books after my own taste. It was past midnight and still I sat musing on what I had read.

Although the fire was of sufficient warmth, there suddenly came over me such a succession of chills and strange emotions as I have never before or afterwards experienced. To explain the phenomenon I do not attempt. I was being tormented by a morbid "solitudo animi," from whose awful hold I had often attempted in vain to extricate myself; and as I felt its fatal clutches on my mind more and more, I could but resign myself to its overwhelming power, and cease to think. It must have been some time, however, before my brain and mind ceased thus to work, for I can remember what phantastic spectres and sweet-perfumed thoughts at first peopled my brain, which seemed crowded with the most phantasmagoric apparitions. First came the morbid, dull thoughts whose effect was only increased by the consequent happy mental state. At first it seemed as though I were seated in a Venetian gondola, listening to the laughing of the waters and of Beatrice at my side. I could hear the gondolier singing—sweetly, ever sweetly,—and I thought I never would experience another pain or sorrow. I could see against the sky the silhouettes of the picturesque buildings, and it seemed as though this were some haven into which I was entering, ever to be protected from worldly toil and trifles. Suddenly the scene was changed, and I was in the crater of a very volcano. I was surrounded by creatures who were pests more than humans and who greatly annoyed me. And yet I was powerless to resist them.

Just as I was summoning all my powers to drive off these pygmy creatures, the scene was changed once more and now I stood by a mighty, rushing river; and as I stood thus, I was gradually sinking, sinking.——when alas! I awoke and found myself before what seemed to be a fissure in the rocky precipice, in a dense and gloomy woods. Where I was and how I happened to be there, I knew not! It seemed but a moment since I had been happily musing before my fire. Not being able to dis-

tinguish any objects at a distance from me, I was searching nearby for some clue to my exact location, when I came upon an old lantern, which I had often used, but which I was unconscious of having brought with me that night. Having regained full possession of my powers, I now searched what few pockets I had for matches with which to make a light. It was with the greatest joy imaginable that I finally brought forth one match, which I deemed as valuable as my life itself. When lighted the lantern gave forth only a very faint light which pierced the stygian darkness only a few feet, and that dimly. How long I had been wandering I knew not nor cared, my only purpose being to obtain my bearings and to make myself more comfortable in mind as well as in body. Whether it was play of my imagination or not, at every motion of the lantern, there crept across the ground vast and hideous shapes which were accompanied each time by the most pitiable moans in the very bowels of the earth beneath. For these reasons, I shrank back, utterly overcome, and was stepping rapidly backwards when I was appalled by what I saw—a wide and bottomless chasm which seemed to beckon me to itself. I now fully realized in how great a dilemma I was, positioned thus between a gaping abyss on the one side and a rocky precipice on the other. Whither to turn I knew not, and the more I thought on this the more my mind refused to act, until the very earth seemed to reel beneath me. I cried out in a feeble voice for help, but the only response I received was a vacant, mocking echo from the rocky walls beyond. I now fell to thinking of the danger of falling over into and being swallowed up by this open, hungry abyss nearby, to take my place with possible scores of other unfortunates. The more I attempted to dismiss all thought of this chasm, the more firmly it took possession of my mind; until I was finally drawn by some inscrutable force to the very brink when there fell upon my ears a series of screams so indistinct that they seemed to come from unfathomable depths.

As I stepped heedlessly back towards the rocky precipice, my lantern cast faint rays of light back into the fissure of the rock, thus disclosing to view a seeming small recess directly back of the rocks. As I was of a curious and insatiable disposition, an irresistible desire seized me to investigate, if possible, this recess. On studying the position and poise of the huge entrance rock, as it were, I detected that it was so placed as to be easily moved in a rotary manner, although it had the appearance of being quite immovable. When I had thus succeeded in entering, what was my great astonishment and delight to find this seeming mere hole to be a cave, low, but extending by winding passages in all directions. On casting my lantern about to see that I had securely replaced the entrance rock, I noticed inscribed thereon a number of rough and distinct initials, which at first baffled my most strenuous efforts to decipher them. The only letter distinguishable was the letter "A," seemingly carved more carefully and more deeply than the others. Just below these letters were four imperfect figures, the first two, which were the only ones distinguishable, being "18—." After spending some time in vainly endeavoring to decipher the remaining figures, I proceeded to walk directly away from the entrance. Seeing a

passage whose ceiling was much higher than that of the main passage, and which led off to the right. I proceeded along that passage for some minutes, being much attracted all the while by the unusual formation of the rock which composed the walls and ceiling. I had proceeded thus for some time, when, without warning, I stumbled and fell headlong to the floor. On casting about my lantern to discover the cause of my accident, I was frightened beyond all powers of description, to find that I was being stared full in the face by a pair of the darkest, cruelest and most fiendish eyes it has been my lot to gaze upon. When I had summoned sufficient courage to gaze once more into their depths, I was suddenly convulsed with the direst forebodings and painful emotions. My whole frame gave evidence of the agonies I was then suffering. In the presence of, and as it seemed to me, in the very clutches of this form, I was utterly powerless; my will-power was benumbed and so also were my other mental faculties, save only my memory which brought before me, in brilliant, horrible, mocking array, the deeds of my life. At this my very blood froze within me, and I swooned away into a mental state far worse than before, from which I endeavored in vain to extricate myself. It seemed as though I were grasping at life itself, and that when I had all but seized upon it, it receded, cruelly and irretrievably. When I was finally delivered from this state of mind, my eyes fell straightway upon that form, whose gaze had not only not ceased, but had even increased in intensity and horribleness. Summoning all my powers, however, I finally succeeded in bringing my lantern into such position as that the light could discover the whole contour of the form, and especially the face, which I had up to now seen only partially. I had no sooner accomplished this than it was unexpectedly revealed to me that what I had been dealing with for hours, as it seemed to me, was a full length—skeleton.

After examining the skeleton, I began to reason as to the cause of its being in so unnatural a place. I was engaged in attempting to discover some clue which might aid me in my theories, when my eyes fell upon a medium-sized envelope, half hidden in the loose earth of the floor. When I had opened and read the enclosed letter, I was furnished with the following data: First, the letter was dated "1880," so that the possessor must have been alive at that time; secondly, as the envelope had been exposed to the action of the atmosphere with all that it might contain, the only letters distinguishable were "H——den-Si——ey Coll——, Pr—— Ed——d Co., Va.," which added strength to the supposition that the possessor must have been at that time a student at Hampden-Sidney College. But who was the possessor of the letter? Who the recipient thereof? And was this skeleton's former self the recipient of that letter? Such were the thoughts that puzzled me while I proceeded on my way through passage after passage of this cave, wrapped in "stygian darkness forlorn."

When I had proceeded thus for some time, there arose abruptly to the left a rock wall upon which were sculptured with seeming grace and care, line after line of Latin characters. First came the date, "a. d. VII. Kal. Mart 18 Anno Domini," the last two figures in the year being indistinct. For once in my college course I was re-

joiced that I was well versed in Latin—at least sufficiently well versed to translate this interesting inscription. And when, upon reaching the fourth line thereof, I discovered that I was on the point of being informed beyond the shadow of doubt and by definite directions, the whereabouts of the college bell which had been purloined nearly three decades before, my heart leaped for very joy, and I could not read the remainder of the inscription sufficiently fast. I was overcome by an unusual combination of emotions; I was rejoiced beyond all power of description; I was highly excited; and yet I was so awed and marvellously affected by this unexpected discovery that I could not but shed a tear at the thought of all that was connected with the mysterious disappearance of this revered college property. I do not hesitate in making the statement that, since the date of the bell's disappearance, there has never entered Hampden-Sidney a Freshman who was not told how mysteriously the bell had disappeared and that it was supposed to have been hidden in sight of the College Dormitory. How much time has been spent by students in search for that bell, no one can say. How many theories have arisen concerning its disappearance, its whereabouts, and its purloiners! To how many poets had it been for an inspiration! How many students have been strongly moved to do likewise! With how much charm and mystery has its disappearance been associated in the minds of the subsequent generations of students! And yet the mystery has remained unsolved, and, as the majority consider, never to be solved.

Such were my thoughts as I eagerly drank in the minute directions as to the bell's whereabouts. Having satisfied myself that I could make my way to its hiding-place I proceeded, according to directions, some paces to the right, which brought me close up to the opposite wall. Feeling my way along this wall, I came upon an exceedingly narrow passage to the right, along which I had proceeded only a short distance when my eyes fell upon the medium- sized rock mentioned in the directions as fitting into the wall rather imperfectly along the upper edge. I was again completely overcome as I stood there, to think that I was about to be ushered into the explanation of a mystery that had been puzzling generations of students for three decades, as we then thought. It was almost with reluctance and hesitancy that I forced out of its long resting-place this rock which had thus stood like a silent watchman to guard its precious treasure within, and I could almost hear the watchman cry out against me. But my curiosity having overcome my sentiment, I finally succeeded in forcing back the rock, to have disclosed to view the dim relic of what was once the most talkative creature in all the country round. As it had been well preserved in its nearly air-tight encasement from the gases which might have been in the cave, there was little rust upon it. I discovered therefore, that it had been made as early as the year 1838.

Thinking to carry away with me some memento of the occasion, I attempted to secure the clapper, but I was disagreeably surprised to find it gone. The purloiners had no doubt removed the clapper that the bell might not announce to the slumbering students what was going on. I was satisfied, however, to find remaining on the

top of the bell a medium-sized iron ring, which I succeeded in securing. As I put into place the silent but eloquent relic, I added my oath to that of the purloiners to keep secret all that I had so unexpectedly discovered.

Having betaken myself back to the rock on which were the directions I was engaged in committing to memory the words (for I had no other means of taking them away), when I had thrust upon me the consciousness that I was alone in a cave through which I had easily passed, but from which I must now attempt to escape, which feat was most likely to be accompanied with much difficulty. Satisfying myself with what words I had already committed, I proceeded on my way out, and, by some chance, which I cannot desire to explain, I reached the entrance in a comparatively short length of time.

How long I had remained in the cave I could not tell, nor could I tell in what direction I was from the College. Proceeding, therefore, along the narrow and only path, I was led into what seemed to be a dense woods, though I could hear the coursing of a near-by stream. With no little difficulty I finally reached a road, with which I was familiar, and by which I soon arrived at college, feeling more like a being from another world than like a simple human.

Upon reaching my room I learned that it was then about 4 o'clock in the morning, and that it had therefore been about four hours since I had left my room so mysteriously and unconsciously. Having put the iron ring into a safe hiding-place I retired at once in order to secure as much rest as possible so that on the following day there might be no evidence of my fatigue. As I was rooming alone during the year in which this took place, my strange adventure on that memorable night has never been known to another person, and it was with much hesitancy that I wrote this account of it.

As I have before mentioned, I consider myself one of the parties to the secret, and purpose never relating more than what I have already related in regard thereto. I have since secured many beautiful souvenirs from various European countries, but I esteem none of them so highly as I do that old iron ring, which I keep in my "sanctum sanctorum," from which I scarcely ever remove it.

NOTE.—All of the older Alumni of Hampden-Sidney will recall the strange and unaccounted for disappearance of a college student about the year 1880. For some time after my above-mentioned experience, I endeavored, by all theories, to establish the identity of the skeleton, and I was finally led to the almost unavoidable conclusion that it was the skeleton of the college student that had previously disappeared so mysteriously. During the remainder of my stay at Hampden-Sidney I never attempted to find the cave, but on returning to the college some time afterward I wended my way unbeknown to anyone else to the entrance of the cave where, however, my courage failed, and I quickly withdrew by another road to the college. I decided then, for the sake of secrecy, that that should be my last visit.—"*Alumnus.*"

When She is Gone

When she is gone the noonday sun
Dies out till all is dark to me,
And shadows gather one by one
Where merry sunbeams danced in glee,
And day so soon will burn to night,
And darkness reign instead of light,
When she is gone.

When she is gone the zephyr's song,
So sweet and soft at twilight dim,
In hollow tones that echo long
Turns to a dreary funeral hymn,—
And nightwinds croon among the pines
Sad dirges with unending lines,
When she is gone.

When she is gone for days I yearn,
With longings which perhaps are vain,
When day to night shall never burn
And pleasure never change to pain;
For life is but a burden drear
Each lonely moment seems a year,
When she is gone.

Hunting Song

Hail to the merry hunters!
With hearts so light and free,
Fast speeding away at the dawn's early gray
For tangled brake and lea;
Cheering our dumb companions
With lusty shouts and clear,
With horns all a-knelling, and deep mouthed hounds yelling,
We chase the fleeing deer.

Diana's eye beams on us,
As through the fen we tour,
Glad hearts all are singing, and hoof-beats go ringing
Across the frozen moor.
Come ye, and join the hunters,
Drink deep the pure, sweet air,
And speeding away at the dawn's early gray
Be free from pain and care.



Enchantment

The mellow light of fading day;
The dying embers in the grate;
The gladsome smile, and girlish way,
With music soft and low and sweet.

The soft white hand and dimpled cheek,
The gentle look of bright blue eyes;
The glance so coy, so quick, so meek;
The graceful air and happy smile.

With these blend gentle thoughts of love,
That in a tender heart do live;
And all the powers of heaven above
Could no such joy as this e'er give.

Deeper

As the ocean's placid bosom
Catching Phœbe's rosy rays,
Sparkling like some plain of jewels
Of the old Arabian days,
Often hides a ghastly body
Or some old wrecked vessels ways,
So the bright and the smiling faces
That we meet along the ways
Often hide some secret sorrow
From the superficial gaze.

A Triolet

A pair of bright hazel eyes,
And an image that they reflected;
Cause in my thoughts to arise,
A pair of bright hazel eyes,
And a heart taken quite by surprise
By a charm that was never suspected;
A pair of bright hazel eyes,
And an image that they reflected.—

A Toast to Love

From dusk to dawn, from eve to morn,
The wildest echoes waking—
With song and laugh this wine we quaff
Until the day is breaking;
Some drink to health and some to wealth
And some to fame undying,—
While glasses clink, to Love I drink
With mingled joy and sighing.

In other lands on far off strands
The tropic sun is gleaming,
O'er rock rimmed vale and dew kissed dale
The moonlight soft is streaming;
But here and there and everywhere
The stars shine in their glory—
By man to maid, in hall or glade,
Is told Love's sweetest story.

The evening hymn at twilight dim
In tones subdued is ringing,
The brooklet near with murmurs clear
Its echo still is singing;
But sweeter far than vespers are
I hear your rippling laughter—
A low sweet song that echoes long
And lives with me hereafter.

In coming years, when falling tears
Shall tell the saddened story
Of those who turned with hearts that burned
To paths of love and glory;—
With long-drawn sighs and tear dimmed eyes—
A bitter harvest reaping—
Perhaps he who now kneels to you
Shall live this life of weeping.

To the words that are whispered in pleading,
To the smile that gives silent reply;
To the hearts that are wounded and bleeding,
To the sorrows that never can die;
To the vows that shall never be broken,
To the bliss that I long to be mine,
To the tales of affection unspoken,—
Let me drain this goblet of wine.

Sketches by the Wayside

J. D. Eggleston, Jr.

THE editor of the Kaleidoscope has requested me to continue the articles written for previous numbers of the Annual, giving sketches of former residents of the "Hill" and phases of the College life of the recent past. Pressure of time has forbidden a compliance with the first part of this request; but it may not be amiss to relate some of the incidents that occasionally lightened the quietude of the old place.

One of the greatest wits that ever attended Hampden-Sidney was "Billy" Wilson, now preaching I know not where. He was as full of mischief as an egg of meat, and if the mischief wasn't at hand Billy would invent it. He originated and planned the greatest "sell" that ever came under my observation.

One day an innocent looking notice was seen on the bulletin board at the chapel door, announcing that there would be a meeting of the "leading and most influential men of the college" that afternoon at four o'clock "to consider a matter of very grave importance to the students." Some passed the notice without seeing it, others saw it and stopped to read, and soon the question was going the rounds. "What's up?" No one knew, and the fact that the author of the notice was unknown lent an air of mystery to the matter and whetted curiosity to a razor edge.

About fifteen minutes before the hour of meeting, a few students could be seen issuing from their rooms and wending their way towards the chapel. In a few minutes others emerged from the various passages, and soon about two-thirds of the college boys were seated on those notorious benches that in warm weather used to hold on to a boy's trousers with a grip that might well have been the envy of every persevering bulldog in the county.

There was an air of expectancy in the faces of all present; a subdued hush, as if something ominous was at hand. Evidently the meeting was considered an important one, for many of those assembled were dressed in a style befitting a grave occasion. Billy Hopkins, now practicing law in Texas, had on his Prince Albert coat, with all incidentals to match. "Buck" Eldridge, now preaching, had come with a coat at least three inches longer than that of Hopkins; his shoes were blacked, his hair freshly brushed, and a spotless white cravat gave promise even then of the budding minister. I believe Walter Watson was there, ready, if occasion offered, to give an exhibition of those oratorical powers that are now being used in the Constitutional Convention to show that "educating a negro spoils a farmhand." McKelway—he of the strenuous editorial pen—says he wasn't there, tho' I afterwards heard him at a banquet in Asheville, N. C., give a minute and vivid description of the meeting, in which he said I was present. The only reason I wasn't was because I lived a mile from the "Hill" and knew nothing about it. McFaden and

Tucker Graham were probably not present, for they were hard to "take in." One would be safe in taking an oath that Gib Link was out walking with some girl.

After all had taken seats and a hush had fallen over the crowd, Wilson arose quietly from a seat right at the door and said, "In order to get this meeting started in a regular way so that we may know what we are here for, I move that Mr. Eldridge be invited to take the chair." The motion was quickly seconded, and Eldridge, I was afterwards told, grew an inch by the time he reached the high platform then in front of the room. With an air in keeping with the importance of the meeting and showing his gratification at being made chairman of the "most influential men in college", Mr. Eldridge briefly thanked the students for the honor they had done him and suggested that a secretary be elected. This was done and the chairman arose and said that the meeting was open for business. He then took his seat and a silence came that after the lapse of half a minute became painful.

"I would be glad if some one would state the object of the meeting," said the chairman. Then slowly from his seat arose Wilson. He had his hand on the door and the door partially open. His face looked so grave that pulses began to beat faster and every eye fastened upon him. The falling of the proverbial pin could have been heard, and for the moment breathing almost stopped.

"Mr. Chairman," said Wilson, "the object of this meeting this afternoon is, I believe, to find out who *are* "the leading and most influential men of the college!"

He was gone, but the sound that caught his ears the moment he disappeared must have frozen the blood in his veins. Such another medley of vocally expressed emotions has never been surpassed in a given time. There were shrieks of laughter from the few who saw how they had been led into the trap; but these were drowned in the howls of indignation and yells of "Duck him! Duck him!" that almost tore the throats of those who had fallen from their great heights of self-importance to the ridiculous depths that usually await those treading such dizzy steeps. The boys simply fell over each other in their efforts to reach the door and catch Wilson. He was out on the campus by this time, but by the time he reached the first passage steps the fleetest of the howling mob had issued from the second passage and had seen him. The very sight of him was like the sight of the fox to pursuing hounds. Up the steps he went, but it was no use. Those boys would have gone through a stone wall. A door stood no chance, and I have always thought that despite the great provocation, Wilson should not have been subjected to the gallons of water that nearly drowned him while it was appeasing the wrath and soothing the wounded pride of his fellow students. Such a masterly stroke as that should have exempted him from every feeling on the part of the boys except that of admiration.

When Jim Rice, now practicing law somewhere in South Carolina, was at old Prince Edward Academy, he took the first honor away from McKelway and Bob Blanton and a few others who didn't try for it. Jim had an indomitable will and his faithfulness deserved all praise, but when he struck the college course and entered the race for honors in the Sophomore class the pace proved too much for him. He decided to try French as a pathway to glory, and in the second year of that study the class was told to order *Le Roi des Montagnes*, by Edmond About. Shortly after class several of us were standing out on the campus trying to kill time, when Jim

came up and asked me the name and author of the book, as he wished to order it. I should explain that "Peek-a-boo" had just swept the country like a swarm of locusts and its retreating notes were just then dying out.

"Jim," I said solemnly, "you write that name down. If you don't, you are going to make a mistake. The name of the famous work is *Le Roi des Montagnes*, and it is by Edmond About. Now when you order it, you be sure to tell the dealer not to send you any work by Peek-a-boo."

"Why?" said Jim, with eyes that were childlike and bland.

"Because," said I, "Edmond About and Peek-a-boo are brothers, and both are famous writers, and the dealer might get them mixed and send you one of the works of Peek-a-boo. Then you would get behind in your classes while waiting for the right book."

So Jim wrote it all down very carefully, and emphasized the fact that the book was by Edmond and not by Peek!

I will not repeat the remark that Bernard Wolff made after Jim left. It was merely an emphatic and prophetic expression of surprise, but was naughty.

We used to have some original answers in Dr. McIlwaine's Bible Class, when we were studying Smith's New Testament History.

One day Dr. McIlwaine said, "Mr. Rice"—meaning Jim—"on what passage of Scripture was the *Nunc Dimittis* founded?"

Jim balked before he made a start. In order to give him a little encouragement the Doctor said:

"Now let—", and like a volley of bird shot came the words from Jim's throat in triumphant tones, "Now let Thy will, not mine, be done!"

This was nearly as bad as the reply Billy Hopkins made once when Dr. McIlwaine asked him what became of the water that kept running from the River Jordan into the Dead Sea.

It was evident to Hopkins that there was some mystery about the matter, for of course if it ran out like any ordinary, well-behaved water, the Doctor would not be asking him such a question.

We had just been studying about the journeys of the Hebrews in the Wilderness and Hopkins probably thought that if he could get himself out of the wilderness of uncertainty and at the same time put the river in, he would be scoring a double triumph. So he said:

"Well, sir, there is a wilderness all around out there, and I suppose the water runs out into the wilderness without many people knowing about it!"

The Doctor smiled audibly and confessed that he was one of the many.

One night about 1874 or '75, Asa Dupuy—now Judge Dupuy of Parkersburg, W. Va.,—went to Dr. Peck's to call on the young ladies. For some reason supper was late and just after he arrived the supper bell rang. Dr. Peck was absent from home at the time. Of course "Mr. Dupuy" was invited down to supper, but he refused the invitation. Miss Nellie Peek—now Mrs. Alexander Sprunt—begged him to go down and sit at the table, even if he did not wish anything to eat. When he again refused she asked him his reason. The others were beginning to file out of the parlor.

"Well, I'll tell you," said he; "Dr. Peck is not here, and I'm afraid if I go down, Mrs. Peek will ask me to say grace, and I never said one in my life."

"Oh, I'll arrange that," replied Miss Nellie. "I'll put Mr.—at the head of the table and put you around at the side, and then she will ask him."

"But he doesn't know any more about asking grace than I do."

"Oh, I guess he does," said Miss Nellie, and down they went.

True to her word, Miss Nellie placed the other man at the head of the table and the Judge at the corner next the head. Judge Dupuy began to punch his fellow student with his foot, as the young man was thoroughly scared, not knowing anything more about saying grace than Dupuy. Mrs. Peck, however, was entirely innocent of all this plotting, and looking up and observing the more than usually benignant countenance of Mr. Dupuy she said:

"Mr. Dupuy, will you ask a blessing?"

A shock in the electrocuting chair could not have caused a quicker stiffening than his whole system experienced. He froze and then melted, all in two seconds, and as he afterwards said, "that infernal idiot at the head of the table kept jabbing me under the table with his foot until I couldn't think of anything."

But he had to say something, for now the silence was growing both painful and loud. With every thought gone glimmering he opened his mouth, and these words fell out, "Now"—a gulp—"I lay me"—a gulp—"down to sleep—" and then it dawned upon him that this was not altogether appropriate for the occasion. He gave it up and despite the desperate effort of all present to have "silence come like a poultice to heal the blows of sound," a laugh came and the situation was relieved.

We had in my Senior year Schwegler's History of Philosophy under Dr. McIlwaine. If any reader thinks the book is easy, let him whet his mental teeth on it a while.

The lesson one day was on Socrates. There was a preliminary statement in the book as to the personal appearance of that Greek interrogation point. Just as the Doctor was about to ask some one to recite, Beverl yEggleston came in, a minute or two late, busily engaged in trying to gulp down a page or two of philosophy in a moment. Dr. McIlwaine made it a rule to prod the boys into promptness by calling on the belated ones; but to keep them from "putting up a job" on him, he was as liable to begin in the middle of the lesson as anywhere else, and he was almost sure to find the hardest passages for the tardy youth. When the Doctor made up his mind to do so, he could give a boy some very rough sledding on a recitation.

So by the time Cousin Bev. had dropped into his seat Dr. McIlwaine glanced down towards the bottom of the page and said, "Mr. Eggleston—R. B." I used to think the Doctor paused a long, long time before he repeated those initials. I was "J. D." and when I did not know my lesson and the Doctor would make one of those awful pauses before settling down on "R. B.", it seemed to me that time was swallowed up in eternity.

Beverly's face took on a slight paleness, like an early apple whitened by late spring frost; then as if time had leaped forward with a bound, a flush gathered there, like the tint of an April sun on a June apple. Beverly never reached the June stage at College, even if he was "plucked" so many times.

"Mr. Eggleston," said the Doctor, with a cruel deliberation that somehow made my mind revert to the harrowing scenes in Fox's Book of Martyrs, "what did the Oracle at Delphi say about Socrates?"

Beverly's last glance had fallen about four paragraphs above this remark of the Oracle, but this did not "give him pause." With all the solemnity that one would expect when a Delphic utterance was being delivered, and with a *non sequitur* that would have made Mrs. Eddy turn green with envy, Beverly replied:

"It said that he had a long gray beard, sir!"

Sandy McKelway was the envy of his class in one respect at least. He could read almost any Latin at sight—and could speak dog-Latin without a trace of accent. This knowledge of Latin caused him to neglect his grammar lesson sometimes, and he rarely did more than glance at the reading lesson.

One day Prof. Blair called on him to state the rule for nouns after verbs of needing, etc. McKelway's knowledge of Latin enabled him to give the rule, and then the Professor asked him for an example, as he invariably did if he suspected that the reciter had not studied the lesson.

McKelway did some deep thinking for a second or two, and then reached down in the pocket of his trousers and hauled out a copper. Placing it carefully on the end of his index finger he held it towards the Professor and with a touch of pathos in his voice said, "Egeo pecuniæ—I am in need of money."

I trust that I am not telling any secrets when I state that one night McKelway and I were a committee to hand three questions to the High Grand Pajama of the Phip. society to be read out to the members so that they could decide on one for debate at some future meeting.

According to the rules, these questions had to be made out by the committee, and the Grand Pajama had to read them two at a time for the vote of the society. McKelway and I forgot all about the matter until about five minutes before the time to hand them in. We then decided that we would hand up two questions and inform His Royal Highness that we would have the third question ready by the time the members had expressed by vote their opinion on the relative merits of the two

questions submitted. Everybody had to vote, and everyone voting had to stand until the vote was counted. There were between sixty and seventy members in the society.

At that time His Royal Pajama was Beverly Robertson, who reigned with a severity and dignity that made the Freshmen quail and drove terror to the heart of the evil-doer. No smile dared play about his lips; the little thing would have been crushed instantly.

His Highness called for the questions and we both arose and in due form took them up to him on a piece of paper. According to the regular form he said, "Gentlemen, the time has now arrived to vote on the question for debate three weeks from to-night. You will decide between the first two questions read, and then the vote will be taken between the third question and the one receiving the larger vote on the first ballot." Then taking the slip of paper, he said:

"The first question is—" and then he tried to catch a hold on himself and squelch McKelway and me by his sternness. He was going to show us that he could rise above such small wit and read those questions without so much as a smile. He began again:

"The first question is, 'Which is the bottom side—'", and then he broke down. It took him a full minute to get his jaws together, and in the meanwhile the members wondered what could be the matter.

"Gentlemen," said His Highness, addressing McKelway and me, "I wish to say that you should be ashamed of yourselves to hand in such questions as these. It is disgraceful. I am compelled to read them, and so I shall do so. But I wish it were in my power to place a heavy fine on each of you!"

McKelway and I had held our countenances with a gravity more than becoming the occasion, and as we knew that under the laws of the society we were safe from all threats, there was an extraordinary halo that played over our faces.

By this time the curiosity of the members of the society had jumped from a normal temperature to 110 in the lamplight.

"The first question," said the Grand Pajama with what shreds of dignity he could gather around him, "is, 'Which is the bottom side of a batter-cake?'"

The laughter that went up almost broke the plastering, and the members of the Union society wondered if the Phip. hall was afire. As soon as quiet was restored, the High Pajama said, "Gentlemen, you will now decide between that question and this one," and he read the second question. He had now lost all dignity, and was laughing one minute and scolding us the next.

When the second question dropped from his lips, the members simply shrieked. But McKelway and I still forced the regular order, and if there was ever anything funnier than those sixty or seventy members arising in turn and casting a deciding vote between those two questions, I never witnessed it. It is literally true that the crowd simply laughed itself out. Some of them cried; others could not stand the agony of doubling over with such continuous laughter, and were forced to roll down from their chairs upon the floor. It was at least ten minutes before any business could be transacted at all, and in a short while after the second vote had been cast the Pajama had to declare the meeting adjourned. McKelway and I had handed up a sensible question as soon as the voting was over on the first two, and had thus preserved the dignity of the society's debates.

But I had almost forgotten to state what the second question was. The truth is, I do not recall the exact wording of it.

Probably very few now know of a famous duel that once took place in one of the rooms of the college building. No one was hurt, but one of the participants was scared out of his wits, and probably thought he was killed.

In some way McMurran and Billy Madison had some words, and the boys determined to have some fun. They went to McMurran and told him the plan: He must challange Madison to fight a duel, and they would try to persuade Madison to accept. They told McMurran that they would see that the pistols were not loaded, but would leave Madison under the impression that they were. It could easily be arranged by the seconds.

McMurran entered into the scheme with great gusto. He sent Madison a formal challenge to mortal combat. His seconds carried the challenge and then told Madison the scheme—with additions. He was to accept, as if he believed the challenge was meant in deadly earnest, and choose pistols, the duel to take place at short range in one of the rooms. Madison was to put an unloaded pistol in his pocket, and when the dueling pistol was handed him by the seconds he was to glance at it, discover that it was not loaded, and then in dramatic tones declare that the crowd was trying to murder him. At the same time he was to draw the other pistol from his hip pocket and begin to fire promiscuously, taking especial care to point the pistol at McMurran.

The whole affair could not have worked better if Booth had acted it. When the time arrived, the two combatants appeared, each accompanied by his seconds. McMurran looked as if he had blood in his eye. Vengeance was writ all over his countenance and Madison had a stern and set look that made McMurran feel almost sorry for the poor fellow.

The preliminaries were soon arranged and the combatants took their places on opposite sides of the room. The pistols were handed them and the seconds stepped quickly aside. Suddenly Madison looked at his pistol, then took a closer inspection, when suddenly he dashed the empty weapon to the floor, jerked a pistol from his pocket, and with wild-eyed, desperate look hissed out, "Scoundrels, you are trying to murder me!" At the same time he began firing the empty cartridges at every one in sight. The seconds yelled out in supposed fear and dodged in every direction. Madison pointed the pistol squarely at McMurran and began to fire. McMurran fell all over himself and everybody else, and finally managed to get under the bed, yelling and imploring Madison not to kill him, and perfectly limp with fear.

The plot had been a decided success, and with much laughter the conspirators dragged McMurran from under the bed, where he lay more dead than alive.

It is said that McMurran has never had any fancy for duels since that time.

A Song

My boat is on the river
 And my hand is on the oar,
And Manette in all her beauty
 Is sitting just before;
Now we are out and o'er the waters
 Like a swallow on the wing;
While the cooling breezes gather
 To hear my lady sing.

And I'll row, boat, row,
 For the evening cometh on,
And the shepherd on the hill-side
 Is piping on his horn,
And the birds are dipping westward
 On swift and noiseless wing,
While Manette in all her beauty
 Begins again to sing.

O, the waves are dancing lightly
 As the moon peeps o'er the way,
And the stars are crowding outward
 In all their bright array,
And my boat is flying swiftly
 As an airy, fairy thing,
While Manette sits there before me
 And again begins to sing.



Commencement Season of 1902



Sunday Morning, June 8th.

Baccalaureate Sermon.....
..*Rev. W. R. Laird, D. D., Virginia*

Sunday Evening.

Address Before the Young Men's Christian Association.....
Rev. W. R. Laird, D. D., Virginia

Monday Evening.

Union Society Celebration.....
Mr. James D. Pasco, '02, Presiding Officer.

Orations Delivered by....*Messrs. Hardy Cross, '02; William F. Patton, '03; Stuart G. Christian, '03.*

Marshals.....*Messrs. Richard F. Bernard and Abney Payne*

Tuesday Morning, June 10th.

Address Before the Literary Societies.....*Hon. W. A. Watson, Virginia*

Address Before the Society of Alumni.....*Hon. N. C. Manson, Virginia*

Tuesday Evening.

Philanthropic Society Celebration.....*Mr. R. S. Graham, Presiding Officer*

Orations Delivered by..*Messrs. P. B. Hill,'02; H. P. Jones,'03; W. C. Jackson '03*

Marshals.....*Messrs. H. C. Thornton and S. D. Craig*

Wednesday Morning, June 11th.

Addresses by Members of the Graduating Class.

Honors and Distinctions Announced. Degrees Conferred on the Graduating Class.

Wednesday Evening.

Senior Class Celebration.



Commencement at Hampden-Sidney

"Jam Cytherea Choros ducit Venus imminente Luna,
Jactaeque Nymphis Gratiae Decentes,
Alterno terram quatiunt pede."—HORACE



HOW to avoid the Subject" is the title of an address once delivered by Horace Porter.

If in the following the subject is frequently abandoned, the reader's (?) indulgence is requested at the outset. It is a habit which grows upon us as we write our Commencement Orations, and a very commendable habit it frequently is withal.—For think of how boring the Latin Salutatory would be, if the speaker were to devote himself entirely to the discussion of his subject; while the Valedictorian would find his speech summed up in very few words. And if we make a universal application of this business of sticking to the subject, behold how lamentable would be the state of a poor fellow on the promenade! But I am getting entirely too logical.

The "Calico" man of Hampden-Sidney four years ago who didn't "get stuck" at Commencement had not tasted of College life in the ideal.

Some, for this reason, advocated the abolition of the promenade, thinking than this growing evil might thus be eliminated. They were wise men no doubt, but haven't we heard the same complaints coming from what the Junior Orator would term the "terpsichorean devotee"?

The promenade, so popular a few years since, is now rarely indulged in; other and more delightful pastimes have supplanted it. The men of science tell us that nothing can happen, unless a cause precede, and if the reasons for this change are sought, they can be found in the doctrine of multiplicity of causes, one of the most patent, however, is the monotony which seems to be a peculiar characteristic of the promenade. Even in recent years, men have been known to pace, in one night, with the same girl, the Via Duncana twenty-five consecutive times from beginning to end. This, simple reader, is the essence of "getting stuck." Some, I confess, who were of a wiser sort, and not so skilled as pedestrians, sought such secreted spots for refuge as the stone steps leading to the chemistry room, the gate of the campus

looking northwards, and the vine-clad seat which once was near the third passage of the dormitory. Could the gift of tongues be bestowed upon those hard stone steps, ideas would be revealed that have never yet found a place in the minds of Romancers.

Many tender hopes and youthful aspirations received nourishment on those steps, and just as many were blasted in after life.

Like revelations could be made by some of those alcoves in Union Hall, and the spiral stair-case leading to where Greek, Latin and Math. are taught. I have often wondered if the Germans are really as romantic as the promenade once was.

Exactly what the Commencement is at Hampden-Sidney, one who has never attended can not know.

A philosopher might be able to analyze the feelings which we experience, and reduce every pleasure to its proper category—I won't do this now.

Of all classes and conditions of people, however, I think the lordly Senior drinks deeper from the cup of pleasure; partly, perhaps, because he is more capable of feeling the true meaning of things, and, doubtless, because he thinks the Commencement is given in his honor. Behold him as he stalks forward upon the stage and thunders forth his Latin Salutatory in language that I often think moves old Cicero to rise from his tomb—or, hear him, perchance, as he attacks the untenable doctrine of dialectic evolution in his philosophical oration, and details in ideas never to be understood the real causes for the existence of this cosmos. The Valedictorian discusses the universe from a general standpoint, and closes by reminding the Faculty that his is a sad duty. We wonder the while if this man has any conscience.

But he says something to tickle the "Hill Calic," and retires from the stage, overwhelmed with flowers.

One of the most enjoyable features of the entire Commencement is the celebration given by the Senior Class on their last night at college.

With the Faculty there are certain laws which are immutable; one of these being the *ius reprehensionis*, which provides that everything spoken on Senior Class night shall be read and approved by the Professor of English. The simplest can see how such a law tends only to detract from the highest success of such an entertainment.

In my college days there were, fortunately, certain men who preferred to speak extemporaneously, and not knowing beforehand what they were going to say, of course, could not conform to the letter of this law. Extempore speaking is surely a desirable attainment, and I have always failed to see the justice in punishing a man

because, while looking at his sweetheart, he forgets himself and criticises the custom, prevailing among some members of the Faculty, of parting the hair in the middle.

This Senior celebration is comparatively a recent custom, it has taken the place of what tradition calls an ugly club. Of this club history has little to say. We can readily form a conjecture as to the requirements for membership in it, but aside from this, even conjectures are somewhat hazardous.

Its annual meetings were held in the gymnasium, with exercises somewhat similar to those of the Senior night at the present day, but in addition, some honored Alumnus of this society was frequently invited to make an address.

The themes discussed before this club were not of the most elevating and urbane character, for I find that one of Virginia's famous jurists, who still resides in one of our southwestern cities, spoke on the subject: "Why the rings around a coon's tail are round instead of square."

"Not walls, but men make a city," quoth the great Greek; not men, but girls make our Commencements what they are.

Perhaps we can't boast of the vast numbers who were wont to attend the Commencement in the good old ante-bellum days when the Virginia gentleman enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*, but any deficiency in quantity is overbalanced by the quality of our attendants. None can deny that some of the fairest gems of our commonwealth grace with their charms and beauty this joyous occasion. Our hearts grow young again as we think of the afternoon strolls with these damsels fair, amid the sleeping memories of many of those sequestered vales or as we sat, perchance, beside the roaring cataract of Beach Falls, and tried to overcome this rugged music with a less monotonous tone. I can see Julia now, as she sits beside the slippery rock, and I read once more her meaning in the shallow waters that glide placidly over the face of this rock working their way to historic Buffalo, and thence to the sea.

None but the bold and daring ventured to trespass upon the way which leads to Lover's Leap; this, by common consent, was reserved for the bachelors in the Faculty.

At the foot of this famous cliff bubbles a spring of nature's purest water, of which if one can entice a female to drink, says the legend, her affections are thereby won. Four instances to verify this legend flash across my mind now, but space forbids me to make mention of them.

In my fancy I stand again on the verge of the Wady opening into Sigma Chi Glen, and look into the face of the fair Normalite, whose name will ever linger in the hearts of the appreciative "Calico" man of Hampden-Sidney. It was Sunday afternoon

and the zephyrs whispered softly through her sable locks, the flush of simple beauty played around her youthful cheeks, and as we turned to admire the scene so familiar to the nature student of Hampden-Sidney—the fading glimmer of the setting sun—I marveled within myself that Venus could have been half so lovely. Away with that man who tells us that these Commencement days are not the happiest of our life.

But the Commencement also brings us much food for sober thought. As we take a retrospective glance at the exploits and pranks of our college life, we can't understand how we said and did so many things contrary to the will of the "powers that be," and yet avoided even their suspicion. We muse over the havoc wrought at the Junior banquets to which we were not invited; of the many times we disabled the college bell; the nights when the lowing of cattle could be heard in the memorial chapel; the times when we went by stealth to Farmville, and how we failed in Chemistry the next day. We think, too, of how, when the Board of Regents issued an edict to prohibit dancing, we went over to the German Hall and "just listened to the band," very much like some of our forefathers used to do in the old Stuart's Hall, when they too were college boys and had no aspirations for the dignity of a trustee.

We lament the lot of those of our accomplices who were taken from us and sent to climes more congenial, where Junior banquets are not, and Normalites are unknown. Their greatest crime was clumsiness, for, after all, these things are not wholly bad, but mere manifestations of that spirit of reckless liberty so peculiar to students.

We like to revisit these classic haunts and sit beneath the enchanting shade of those historic oaks, and talk over again the days of our college life. We yearn to hear the oratorical periods which fall from the lips of the Junior and Senior speakers, gaze once more upon the dignified form of the sturdy Senior, and drink in the words of wisdom as they flow from this fountain head of knowledge.

It delights us to parade the shady walks of the Via Sacra, and view once again the sacred dwellings of men theological, who have gone out from us, but who were not of us.

The mutations of time have been felt even in this quiet, conservative village—Where we once stood on the logs and stumps practicing our orations and moving the trees to rise in mutiny, one may now see the youths and maidens driving through a beautiful park, while on the face of the broad expanse of water collected at the foot of the gentle slope of this park, others may be seen with their sweethearts rowing. Walker Crawley's hack, the great boom of our ancestors, is rapidly waning in popu-

larity before the fleeter automobile. A sad fate for Walker; the Board of Trustees should elect him hackman emeritus.

Those of my colleagues who anticipate attending the Commencement in the future, I would warn to memorize an extempore toast to be delivered at the banquets given in Hampden-Sidney's new hotel, by the Faculty to the graduating class and visiting alumni. With a single exception then, these changes have been entirely beneficial, and we trust that they portend a new and more vigorous existence for the "Hill."

Long live Hampden-Sidney, her rare traditions, and the record of her glorious deeds! Long live the Commencement with its ever waxing seasons of joy and happiness! Long live Virginia's fair daughters, who come to adorn with their rare beauty these golden days of our existence, and as the fleeting years roll over their heads, may their beauty be renewed as the dew of youth.

Long linger that love and loyalty for our *Alma Mater* in the hearts and minds of a devoted alumni, which prompts them to wander back to "finals" from the utmost ends of earth.

Autumn

Fall, season best of all the passing year,
When Nature gives to Labor her reward
When woods in costliest garments gay appear
Bright robes that with youth's radiant dreams accord.



Sept. 9—Examination of candidates for admission into college.

Sept. 11—Public address by Judge W. H. Mann, at 4 p. m.

Sept. 13—Y. M. C. A. Reception at 8 p. m.

Sept. 16—Election of officers of General Athletic Association.

Sept. 23—Election of Editors of the KALEIDOSCOPE.

Oct. 19—Football game at Lexington with V. M. I.

Oct. 21—Football game at Lexington with Washington and Lee University.

Nov. 2—Football game at Richmond with Richmond College.

Nov. 4—Football game at Ashland, Va., with Randolph-Macon College.

Nov. 13—Football game at H. S. C. with Richmond College.

Nov. 16—R. H. O. C. T. initiation.

Nov. 18—Football game with St. Albans.

Nov. 23—Theta Nu Epsilon initiation.

Nov. 28—Thanksgiving holiday, and German given by the German Club at 9 p. m.

Dec. 13—Intermediate examinations begin.

Dec. 21—Christmas holidays begin.

Winter

Midwinter held captive in strong crystal bonds,
The grim forest giants, the flowers, the mere;
But mirth sly escaped and cried loud from the ponds
And met with the muses, forgot winter drear.



Jan. 2—Second term of session begins.

Jan. 13—Election of officers of General Athletic Association.

Jan. 20—Election of Final Senior President of graduating class.

Feb. 20—Gymnasium exhibition at 8 p. m.

Feb. 20—German in gymnasium at 10 p. m.

Feb. 21—Hop, given by German Club, at 10 a. m.

Feb. 21—Public celebration of the Union and Philanthropic Literary Societies at 8:30 p. m.

Feb. 21—Midwinter German at 9:30 p. m. in college gymnasium.

Feb. 22—Dramatic Club's performance at 8:30 p. m.

Feb. 28—Dramatic Club plays in Farmville Academy of Music.

Spring

Spring, whose soft breath woos flowerets fair to blow,
Grant this request:
Forget-me-nots of college days to grow
Within each breast.



March 10—Baseball team begins practice.
March 31—Holiday. Easter German at 10 p.m.
April 7—Baseball game with Hoge Military Academy, on home grounds.
April 11—Baseball team leaves for Lexington to play Washington and Lee University, and Virginia Military Institute.
April 15—Game with St. Albans at Lynchburg.
April 22—Field day. Tennis Tourney.
April 25—Game with Fredericksburg College at H. S. C.
April 30—Game with Washington and Lee University at H. S. C.
May 2—Baseball team leaves for Richmond and Ashland, to play Richmond College and Randolph-Macon College.
May 21—Senior vacation of three weeks begins.
June 8—Baccalaureate sermon at 11 a. m.
June 9—Celebration of Union Society at 8 p. m. German at 10 p. m.
June 10—Addresses before the Literary Societies and Society of Alumni. Celebration of Philanthropic Society at 8 p. m. German at 10 p. m.
June 11—Addresses by members of graduating class. Honors and distinctions announced. Degrees conferred upon graduating class at 11 a. m. Senior class celebration at 8 p. m. German in college gymnasium at 10 p. m.
June 12—"*Home, Sweet Home.*"


COFFEE
GRINDS

Grinds

H. Mann—And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

L. Bedinger—Lord! Lord! How this world is given to lying.

Akers—Gentlemen! God save thee!

Spottswood—Fye, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

Ellett—In his own grace he doth exalt himself.

Hill, B. M.—He wears the rose of youth upon him.

The Whitesides—Now, by two-headed Janus, nature hath framed strange men in her time.

Kinnier—How beautious mankind is!

H. P. Jones—The count, he woos your daughter.

Kay, Frazer, Morton, Miller—Defacers of Public peace!

Magee—Hector, thou sleepest; awake thee!

Miller—Your Lordship is a goodly villain!

Frazer—I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth.

Fitzgerald—And some that smile, I fear, have in their hearts millions of mischief.

West—I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

S. G. Christian—Say, sir, is it dinner time?

Hampden-Sidney—By my troth, the town is troubled with unruly boys

Logic Class—They'd prove a buzzard was no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl.

H. M. McAllister—He sits 'mongst men like a descended god.

J. K. Irving, Jr.—Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Preston—I warrant thou art a merry fellow!

A. J. Christian—He does smile his face into more lines than there are in the new map.

Morton—I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else.

The Faculty—We have strict statutes, and most biting laws.

"Lobster" Thornton—Fat as a whale, and waddles like a swan.

Brooks to Miller—And when I rear my hand do thou likewise.

Ellett—I should take you for idleness itself!

McCorkle—Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Miller—By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

Brooks—I'll be at charges for a looking glass; and entertain a score or two of tailors to study fashions to adorn my body.

P. B. Hill—He knew the cause of every malady.

Hansberger—The hot summer had made his face all brown and certainly he was a good fellow.

Lawson—He could roast, and boil, and broil and fry,
Make hot soup and well bake a pie.

HARWELL—He was not right fat, I undertake; but looked hollow and solemn.

H. B. MOORE—Of study took he most care and heed,
Not a word spake he more than was need.

MORTON—He was as fresh as the month of May.

P. B. HILL—Somewhat he lisped for his wantonness to make the English sweet upon his tongue.

PRESTON—His eyes twinkled in his head aright,
As do the stars on a frosty night.

MANN, F. H.—Nowhere so busy a man there was
And yet he seemed busier than he really was.

MCCORKLE—Full long were his legs, and full lean,
Like a staff, there was no calf seen.

SPOTTSWOOD—A gentleman there was who loved to hear himself talk.

BERNARD—When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

COHN—Full big he was of brown, and also of bones.

ALLEN—'i faith, his head was of reddish hue, and his eyes did look wildly about.

PRICE—Another gentleman, there was who loved to hear himself talk.



Auf Wiedersehen

As to each human life there comes a close
And all it was or is sinks to a last repose,
So to our work there comes the waited end
And now we bow ' bonne nuit ' alike to foe and friend.

We've sought to tell you here just what ' we mortals be '—
Now in a note of sorrow, then a burst of glee,
Or in a halting rhyme or bit of limping prose,
The wondrous world ' the student-body ' knows.

We've aimed to dull our rapier's gleaming tip
Lest in our heat and haste it chance to make a slip
And, ripping wide a tender spot, might bring
To any we may know a bit of suffering;

But, if escaping, friends, our intent good and true,
It may have smitten any one of you,
We beg once more to make the fair ' amende '
And bring our mutual troubles to an end.

'Good night ' to one and all. Good night; adieu.
May all the radiant heavens shower their sweets on you.
May all the blessed spirits that poets ever praise
Attend and beautify the remnant of your days.






The End

A Ballade of Old Virginia

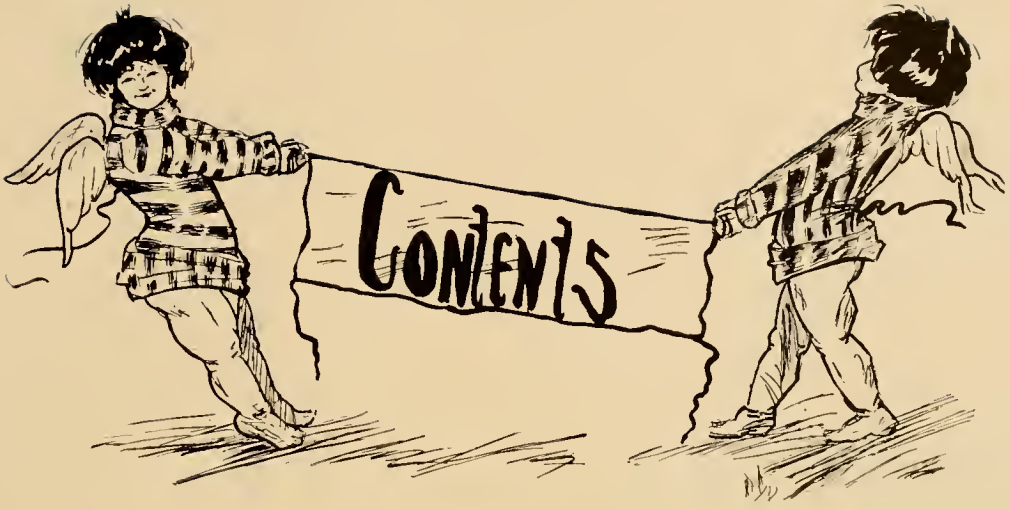
Through the quiet night's long watches,
 On the wings of Phantasy,
Once again my vision catches,
 Scenes that never more can be.
Scenes that come and linger near me—
 Brightest far on memory's page,
In the slumber-land now I see
 Old Virginia's golden age.

Once again to vine-clad porches
 Comes the gently murmuring bee;
Once again float little snatches
 Of some darky melody,
As at eve from labor set free
 Old and young in songs engage
Banjos ringing—how it thrills me
 Old Virginia's golden age.

Stately manors, humble thatches
 Once more ring with gayety.
O'er the golden grain's great patches
 Hunter's horns swell from the lea,
Where the frightened doe and fox fell
 From the deep-mouthed hound's red rage.
Yet in dreams alone can I see
 Old Virginia's golden age.

L'ENVOI.

Dear dream god, whatsoe'er you be,
 Whether spirit, elf or sage
In my slumbers with this cheer me;
 Old Virginia's golden age.



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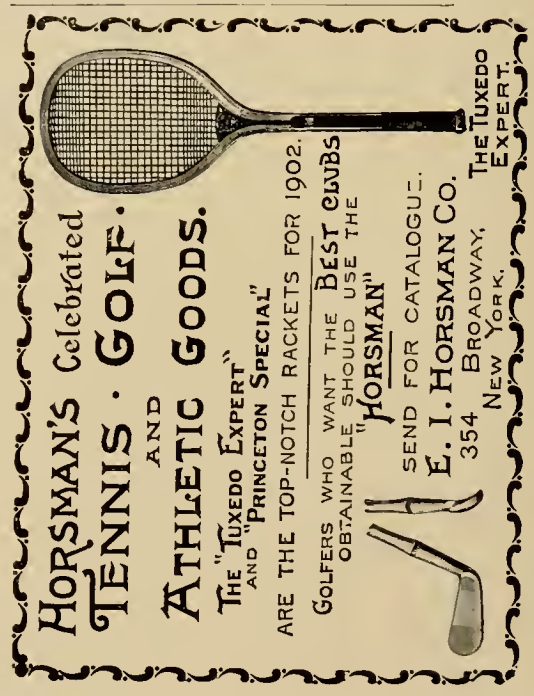
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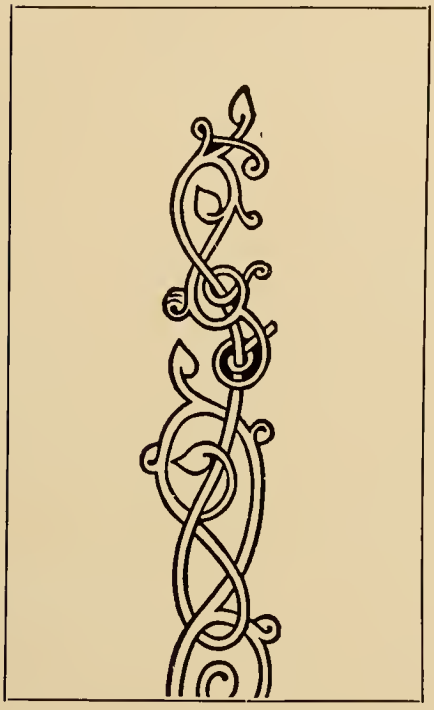
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